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ART. I.—THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.

*An Address read before the Graduating Class of the Cambridge Divinity School, July 12, 1868. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM.*

THE prophet is a mediator, as well as the priest. It is the office of both to effect a union of things discordant. But, while the priest discharges this duty officially, the prophet discharges it personally. The priest mediates by means of sacraments. The prophet mediates through ideas and through character. The priest stands, a fixed, silent figure, midway between the opposing points,—whose separation is the misery, whose accord is the blessedness, of the world,—to pass from side to side, through his anointed hands, the gifts of sacrifice and the gifts of grace. Who or what he individually is, matters little, if he be duly appointed and set up for his function. He may be neither wise nor pure, neither true nor earnest, neither sweet in humanity nor tender in devoutness. His intellect may be unillumined; his soul may be clouded. Still his duty may go on: for he is there as an automaton, not as a person; an agent, not an organ. The oblations that are in substance or symbol laid upon the altar, the emblematic confession, gratitude, homage, contrition of mortals, he, by expressive action, lifts up to the Being who sits remote on the mercy-seat. The grace that is expressed in the rite—the absolution, consolation, peace, that heaven

imparts to human beseeching — he receives in the form of a sign, and hands down to the waiting multitudes below. Neither the gifts that go up in aspiration, nor the graces that descend in blessing, traverse his spiritual being. They can therefore take no stain from it, if it is unclean. Though he be impious, piety may trust him to bear her message of love through the doorway she may not pass, to the Presence she may not behold. Though inhuman, he may be depended on to carry for a space the cup and the salver which contain in mystery the saving body and blood of the reconciled God.

The mediation of the prophet is of a different kind. He is not an instrument, but an organ. Ministering through the agency of ideas, and of principles conveyed in ideas, — a teacher therefore, a speaker, a thinker, — it is of first moment that he be a living mind and soul. What *he* passes from one side to the other is literally *transmitted, sent through* him. He must be himself reconciled; he must himself be in accord with the Being above, and the beings below. Not artificial is his ministry, but real; not mechanical, but vital. The humanity that streams upward must be able to count on his devoutness; the divinity that streams downward must find a willing co-operator in his kindness. It will not be enough that the divine and the human *crystallize at his touch*: they must *blend in his nature*.

The priest is to all eyes an individual set apart. His dress, his mien, his house, his table, — usually, his solitary, wifeless, childless condition, — are peculiar. Sacerdotal robes make him conspicuous in public; sacerdotal manners make him an object of notice in private. The prophet is not thus visibly distinguished. He marries, and rears children; he dwells much like other citizens; he is in society; he engages in civil affairs; he votes; he takes the platform; he does not scruple an occasion to visit the opera, the concert-room, or the theatre. He is human. But these external differences must not conceal the fact, that he, too, is a mediator, no less effectually than the priest. He does not abolish the gulf of separation, or treat it as if it were not: he is a bridge over

it; his pulpit spans a breach. The traveller in Belgium stands with delight, mingled with curiosity, before the quaintly carved pulpits that are set up against a pillar in the cathedral churches. Wonders of art they are! One tells in symbol the story of the creation; another, the story of the garden and the fall; a third, the story of the redemption; a fourth, the whole grand history of the first and second Adam. The fine artist in wood has put his soul into his work. There the animals confront the angels, the seraphs struggle with the sinners; the lower deeps yawn, the upper deeps open; the prophets and kings take their places; Mary bends over the cradle, and stands beside the cross.

In the midst of all this symbolism, the preacher stood to deliver his word; the idea of reconciliation encircling his form, the very box he was placed in suggesting the burden of his prophecy.

This whole ministry, whether evangelical or otherwise, is a ministry of reconciliation,—reconciliation between whom or what? What are the two things that stand over against one another, and between which he would make peace? The older, and still the prevalent, mode of thinking puts the antagonism thus: Separation between man and God; opposition of nature to the supernatural; conflict of the material with the spiritual; a gulf dividing this world from the next; the two dooms,—salvation and damnation, hell and heaven. The chasm was one that divided the finite from the Infinite, and it cut its way sheer from the primal origin and essence of being, down through every department of thought and life; parting off into two definite portions the spiritual, moral, social, personal interests of mankind; cleaving in twain cares and pleasures, mercantile pursuits and trivial amusements; setting man at variance with himself along the whole line of his existence; making his experience a warfare; opening a cross-road at every step of his temporal career, and at the end of it showing a parting of the ways in the direction of everlasting life or everlasting death. Thus, from man's origin to his endlessness, the imagination disclosed a succession of gulfs which only wings of the spirit

could traverse. It has been the business of late years to fill up these gulfs. The gulf between God and man is filled by conceiving man as, on one side of his nature, *divine*; and God as, on one side of his nature, *human*. There is a province, it is said, where God and man meet, without the aid of intercession. He is not far from every one of us, and may be found by all that seek him. We in our better hours recline upon his bosom and inhale his peace. If we do not meet him in the workshop or the street, the fault is ours. If we do not live in companionship with him, it is not because we cannot, but because we will not. There is no chasm: there need, therefore, be no bridge.

The gulf between nature and the supernatural is filled by extending the realm of the natural till it includes all the phenomena that come under our intellectual cognizance. The natural, we say, is the orderly, the regular, the beautiful, the perfect. The natural man is the good man. The natural and the spiritual man are one. Is it said the "natural" is that which is under law? Every thing is under law. There are laws of thought and feeling: the Supreme Holiness is bound; the First Cause is necessary. To be released from law is to be outcast, not free. The gulf between matter and spirit is filled by making matter the organ of spirit; spirit the impelling force, matter the means of manifestation; spirit the intelligent cause, matter the pliant instrument; spirit the active principle, matter the passive substance,—the two necessary to balance, complete, and use each other. Spirit without matter, an unorganized, diffusive power; matter without spirit a nonentity. Instead of a gulf betwixt the two needing to be escaped, a connection between the two so close as to be indissoluble.

The gulf between this world and the next is filled by throwing both into one; by making life one continuous whole; by abolishing the grave as a receptacle of consciousness, or a goal of probation, or a check to advance, and running all the lines of moral experience straight through it; grading the pit into which the body plunges; and setting on either side of the dark valley the watch lights of hope, that sparkle



on, far as the eye can see, lighting the one unmistakable road that leads to universal blessedness all the souls of men.

In similar wise disappears the gulf between finite and infinite. The finite, we say, has its infinite possibilities. The human is not shut in by a wall. Its horizon line recedes as its being expands. This *mortal* puts on immortality, this *corruptible* puts on incorruption. The infinite is the moral, the spiritual, the perfect. But the finite tends to these, and, following its tendency, reaches them.

In these few words, so few as to be unintelligible, I fear, I have tried to indicate the work attempted by the intellectual energies of our generation,—the work undertaken by science and philosophy, by ethics, politics, art; in a word, by intelligence using all the means that thought and experience place at its command to abolish the separation between things human and things divine.

The apparent result is the cessation of a ministry of reconciliation. There is nothing, apparently, to reconcile. The atonement is not to be made: it was made from the beginning. The atonement is laid in the nature of things. The cry, therefore, is, that the prophet shall give up his ghost of a mission; that the preacher shall abandon his mere tradition of a calling, shall put an end to his pantomime of gesticulation, and earn his living as other men earn theirs. For the pulpit, we are told, there is no place: take it away. A gentleman had running through his grounds the Middlesex Canal. It divided his garden from a very beautiful grove of trees, which was a favorite retreat in the summer time. Being a man of wealth, he spanned the canal with a stone bridge elegant to behold. After a time the railroad superseded the canal. The waters were drawn off. The bed was filled in, planked over, covered with corn-fields. But the bridge still stands where it did. It serves no purpose as a bridge; it is easier to walk over the even ground than it is to climb its steep arch; it occupies good soil for planting; it withdraws from use a quantity of granite; it is by no means ornamental; and its incongruity raises a smile, not

always inaudible, in the passers-by. So, to the apprehension of many, stands the pulpit, now that the dividing gulf is dry, — a needless relic of a past dispensation, doing nothing that literature, the book, the magazine, the newspaper, do not accomplish a great deal better; and, by its standing where it does, casting a tacit reproach, and being an actual hindrance to these.

I am here to consider if this is a fair statement of the whole case. Is the ministry of reconciliation ended? Are the gulfs all filled up? Let us admit that certain maps of them have been rendered useless; that the charts of the old engineers have become obsolete; that ancient estimates of their character, dimensions, and depth have been discredited; that their names have become unintelligible. But has the ancient ravine itself been abolished? If it has been, the ministry of reconciliation has been abolished; if it has not been, that ministry remains. And it becomes us to consider the way in which it shall be discharged.

To my apprehension, the gulf, the essential gulf, the only gulf that is worth practically considering, is the gulf *betwixt the animal and the human elements in man*. You may describe it under the old nomenclature, if you will. Call it a gulf between the creature and the Creator, between the temporal and the eternal, between the finite and the infinite, between the worldly and the heavenly life, between the flesh and the spirit, you will not convey a stronger impression of its reality or its character, than you do when you call it a gulf between the animal and the human in his constitution.

The real facts of life are unaltered by time. There has been no change in the substance of things. The structure of the mind and the material of experience remain as they were. The *interpretations* of life vary. The *realities* of life are immutable. The data to which the older divines appealed, in justification of their ministry, are still before us. Human existence is full of them; human nature teems with them; and an earnest glance discloses them to us in a form as solemn and startling as that which moved them to cries and tears.

It is enough to hint at these things: I cannot describe them. Ignorance, weakness, imbecility, lethargy, stupor, vice, stubbornness, turpitude, lie in monstrous heaps upon our civilization; and the wind of passion, which is always blowing in gusts, now and then catches them, whirls them in the air, stifles us with their dust, and covers us with their rubbish. Terrible surprises lurk in the moral atmosphere. A little congealed vapor in winter is driven before the soft air; while we sleep, the light particles of snow fall by myriads. A muffled army of invasion, they take possession of the earth; we wake in the morning to find ourselves blockaded, — the streets impassable, lines of railroad buried beneath avalanches. Mechanical power, steam power, is set at defiance. The irresistible legions of the travelling public are held under arrest. The lord of the planet battles for existence with snow-flakes.

So in the moral world about us are stored the elements of terror. Of a sudden they gather, they drive upon us; the virtue of man buffets them in vain. The *obstinacy* of the dark power is what appalls us. This animal element, this crude element of passionateness, — by whatever name you will call it, — this dumb, chaotic, portentous force, sweeps over us, and bears down feeling, purpose, determination. Better than volumes of divinity, the daily papers present the argument for a kind of inertness in the moral world.

The story of the warfare between the powers of light and the powers of darkness is as new as it is old. Every earnest man and woman is conscious of it. Paul's terrible language — "That which I do, I disavow; what I would, I do not; what I hate, I do" — is hardly too strong to describe the pressure of inability that is upon individuals and society. A vast burden of powerlessness weighs will and purpose down; a rigid limitation sets bounds to our effort. We see so much farther than we reach, we perceive so much more than we can do, we confess so many obligations we cannot meet, we are aware of so many duties we cannot discharge! Our purpose faints behind our desire; our thought gropes after our dream; our determinations are determined. We

know that things are wrong; but we cannot get a conviction that they are wrong, and so we go on doing them with a fatal facility that makes us feel ourselves creatures of destiny. Blundering and impotent, we push on, hoping that somehow things will come out right, but haunted by a desperate feeling, that, if they do, it will be in spite of ourselves.

Now these, I apprehend, are the old facts out of which the old theory of a dislocated world was constructed. This passion, this prejudice, this inertness, this perversity, this incapacity, this old man of the sea, sitting astride of our shoulders, suggested the thing that was called the "old Adam" in us. What is it if it is not the *old Adam*, — precisely that and nothing else? It is the immaturity of mankind; it is the crudeness of human nature; it is the heavy bulk of the raw material which we have not organized; it is the mud of the pre-Adamite world clinging to our feet; the preceding centuries huddle their infirmities on our backs; their ideas infest our minds; their practices entangle our footsteps; their judgments nestle in the meshes of our law; their lusts, violences, dishonesties, mingle with our feelings. Their influence is akin to that of demoniacal possession. To it we may trace all, or nearly all, the social enormities that curse us. A great many things we do that are lawless, or worse; yet it is not *we* that do them, but this force of unsubdued animalism that is in us. Is it to be wondered at, that, in ages of ignorance, when human reason was unable to take scientific views of things, men cried out for an Expiator to lift off an incubus that was too dreadful to be carried?

But to call for an Expiator we feel would be vain. No expiation will serve. It is inheritance we suffer from, not guilt; undevelopment, not depravity; infirmity, not sin. The struggle is between history and possibility; the *want* of humanity and the *promise* of humanity; the *beastliness* we have not outgrown, and the *saintliness* we have not appropriated. And we are to end the conflict, not by throwing ourselves in agony upon the merits of a Redeemer, but by throwing ourselves enthusiastically upon the virtue of our rational powers.



It is here that the ministry of reconciliation comes in. Its office is to pass men over the gulf that *yawns between the lower and the higher self*; to rescue humanity from passion to principle; to redeem it from selfishness into self-love; to counteract the brutal traditions of sensuality and hate by the beautiful prophecies of sacrifice and brotherhood. The preacher represents the *human nature* in men as the supreme element in them, and for the interests of that human nature he stands, as a distinct interest, never to be compromised. The difference between the developed and the undeveloped man, the cultured and the uncultured, the human and the bestial, while in one sense it is a difference of more or less, is in another sense a contrast of opposites. There are no gulfs betwixt men, we say, but only differences of level. It is but a difference of level makes Niagara. At the top of the precipice, laughing lovers sit on the grass, admiring the rainbow; at the bottom boils the caldron of death; and between top and bottom there is no inch of space where existence is possible for a moment.

A difference of more or less! You take ship in New York, and sail out on the Atlantic. You pursue a level course. There is no dip or plunge, save as the waves lift or depress the vessel's prow. On and on you go; overhead the constellations, around the monotonous plain of waters: night and day, for weeks and weeks, you go on. At length you come to port on the *other side of the globe*. It seems to you that, were your vision long enough, you might look back and see the city you started from. Not unless you can look *round* the planet or *through* it. Between you and home is the solid globe. It was only a question of miles, more or fewer; but here you are setting the soles of your feet against those of your friends in Broadway, and pointing your heads in opposite directions. More or less makes the antipodes.

Look at the ideas that lie in groups on the surface of the religious world. Mark their distribution among the different sects. There seems to be no line of radical separation between them. They are shared by the various churches. Some have more of this, others more of that,—more or less of

depravity; more or less of the Christ; more or less of inspiration; more or less of grace through usage or rite; more or less of authority conceded to book or confession; more or less of duration to punishment, or of destination to bliss. The question is one of shading. So it appears; *but it is not as it appears*. When Luther put off from Rome, he had no thought of going far. His successors looked but a little way beyond Luther. Their successors pushed on the line of advance, nothing being further from their purpose than a final departure from the ancient landmarks. So sect followed sect, each modifying slightly one or more of the original beliefs, but each persuaded it was keeping every essential article; each, in fact, convinced that it brought the essential article out into the light. So church follows church, and party, party; all holding fast by the same tradition, all taking their bearings from the same star, all consulting the same charts; all studying the same authorities in navigation, all sailing under the same flag, heading for the same port, carrying the same freight of souls. Universalism came, Unitarianism, Liberalism, — all using the same forms, all observing the same sacraments, all reading the same Bible, all making the same ascriptions in prayer and hymn. There were successive *departures*, but no visible *gulf*. There were innumerable shades of opinion; but no sharp line of division was evident, cutting Christendom in two. But look beneath the surface, and there it is! As they sailed round the globe, these timid navigators found the *antipodes*, and now stand greeting each other with the soles of their feet, their eyes straining at opposite quarters of the heavens. For while the old church stood on the dogma of human *depravity*, the new church stands on faith in human *ability*. The old church planted itself on the idea that men must be miraculously saved from hell; the new church plants itself on the idea that men must distance hell by reason. The old church bowed the soul to an institution; the new church makes institutions the creatures of the soul. And between these two groups of principles a gulf is fixed, so deep and wide, that they who stand on one side cannot see those who stand on the other.

In society people look much alike: save in some little peculiarities of feature, walk, mien, manner, mood, there is not much apparent difference. They profess about the same average opinions, applaud about the same class of sentiments, approve about the same courses of conduct. Human nature, we hear people say, is about the same all over the world. The differences between them are simply differences of more or less. And yet it needs no keen observer to note certain very plain distinctions as between people who live as if the *world were made for them*, and people who live as if *they were made for the world*. One principle bids a man to live *for himself*; another principle bids a man live *for others*. The principles stand to each other as light and darkness,—in ceaseless opposition. They writhe together, day and night, in every soul.

The ministry of reconciliation has regard to this conflict. The preacher takes his position as representative of the good principle,—reason, culture, the moral sentiment, the social law, aspiration after the pure and perfect; in a word, the *human nature*, of which in man there is so very little, spares no effort to bring this into prominence, and so to consolidate and organize it, that the battle shall go steadily in its favor, and the victory be at last on its side.

Do I mean to say, then, that the preacher has this ministry of reconciliation all to himself? that other agencies do not share it with him? I mean to say, that, as far as I can see, he is the only person who, first and last, absorbingly and exclusively, makes the ministry of reconciliation his business. Other powers engage in it, but neither directly nor with purpose as he does. Certainly the lover of his fellow-men will do no injustice to science or literature or art or politics or reform; he will not undervalue the importance of the magazine, the newspaper, the lyceum lecture. But these things aim at representing society *as it is*, rather than at making society what *it should be*. They *accommodate* themselves to the time; they do not *redeem* the time. They may be *friendly* to the human, but they are not *organs* of it. Literature makes it its office to entertain. The press acts as the medium

of intellectual exchange, and admits nothing that seriously interferes with its popularity as an advertising medium. The lyceum lecture is the amusement of half-educated people who cannot have the theatre, or whose religious scruples forbid their frequenting it. Politics rarely intend any thing better than fitting men for pigeon-holes. Even reform loses the articulation of the small voice in the rattle of machinery. A small infusion of the genuine human element may be instilled into all these agencies. Not too much; for that would spoil them for their purpose. For, one and all, they live on the old Adam. Compromise is their word. The lyceum lecturer who preaches must preach so melodiously that his preaching is drowned in his rhetoric, or he gets no second invitation to preach. The young preacher who leaves his pulpit for the editor's chair finds that his subscribers do not want his philosophy or his piety. As a preacher it was not his privilege only, it was his duty, to deal with the highest moral principles. Earnestness was expected of him. He was there to speak of the true, the beautiful, the good. He had nothing to do but exalt virtue. The place, the hour, the associations, the memories, the traditions, the exercises of worship, music, symbolism, the Ineffable Name, venerable words of Scripture, hymns saturated with the feeling of ages, overhanging beliefs, convictions consecrated in the highest moods of the race, lay him under a vow to defend the interests of the social, rational human nature in man against all comers, and to distrust the fascinations of eloquence, that tempt the truths of the spirit to linger a moment at the porches of the ear. He is not expected to amuse people, but to animate, encourage, inspire them. They do not want his wit; they want his wisdom. They do not desire his humor; they demand his humanity. Elsewhere men assert themselves; there they *surrender* themselves. Society, with strange persistency, still regards the ordained minister with respect; still concedes his position to be one of authority; still waits for his word as being the word of power. Is it for him to be the sceptic? is it for him to qualify? is it for him to turn literateur or politician, lecturer or teacher, under



the impression that thus he can obtain readier access to the popular mind, when, by so doing, he loses sight probably of the object for which he wishes the access? The human uses in all these things he can extract remaining where he is. What principle in society can he not discuss? What idea in literature can he not deal with justly? He can fight every battle, and yet never camp on a field; he can fill every post, yet never leave his own.

Charge me, if you will, with magnifying my office. To that charge I would plead guilty, were it in my power to magnify it. But you must not understand me as magnifying the men who fill the office. The greatness of the office makes them look absurdly small. Let not their littleness dwarf their place. The work of empowering the human attributes of mankind is not to be exaggerated. It is not unreasonable to think that it will provide occupation for a special order of men, who shall see to it that there be no confusion in church or state or community of the animal with the angelic, the brute with the rational being. It is not necessary that all the members of the order should wear the same badge, or bear the same weapons, or put on the same armor. There may be among them men panoplied in mail, with the red cross on their breasts; and there may be *bare-sarks*. Theology, Christology, eschatology, symbol, rite, sacrament, are but the names the warriors give to their arms,—as soldiers call their blades Spanish or Damascene. In our war for union, the multitudinous rifle-barrels, however fashioned and labelled by the inventor, fell into one level, and sent their deadly missiles to one aim at the word of command. Why quarrel about tools, if we all mean to make the same use of the tools we have? Why raise a dispute over coats, if the hearts inside of the coats beat true to the call of the better self, struggling with the worse? Would the war go on better, if absolute uniformity of costume and accoutrement were insisted on in every corps? Would the victory be more certain, if the discordant war cries that draw the very hearts out of the clans that shout them were suppressed, and in place thereof a monotonous slogan were put

upon uninterested lips? No, no. Let each use the weapon that fits his hand; let each cry the cry that comes from his heart: only let us be sure that every weapon deals a straight blow at the beast, that every cry is a cry for humanity from a human bosom.

The beauty of this ministry is its human character. The minister is the man, pure and simple. None are above him, none are beneath him. He touches all at a common point, as the brother of all. Every door is open to him, for in every house dwells that which he represents. Men come to him in care, grief, want, temptation; for he is without prejudice, his sympathy is unalloyed by hate or partiality, his judgments are impersonal. He makes himself translucent, that the light of the pure reason may fall through him upon the vexed or the guilty conscience. He knows no distinction of persons. The PERSON is all he cares for. He goes directly to the manhood and the womanhood, whoever the man or the woman may be. Gifted he may be, brilliant, cultivated, elegant, learned; but only as he is *human* is he *minister*. Unlearned he may be, simple, unattractive in speech or manner; but being human he is minister. To me the significance of this ministry is of very profound and enduring import.

Matthew Arnold, a noble spirit, who has taken up this ministry of reconciliation under the name of culture and in the ranks of literature, preaching, with an eloquence we should all envy if we dared, the necessity of making reason and the will of God prevail, criticises our form of ministration as being inferior to his, because it exaggerates the moral and spiritual side of culture. But the sadness and soreness of his own spirit, torn with the difficulty of making itself understood, proves how perilous it might be for lesser souls to attempt so grand a battle on ground so pre-occupied. For many a day yet, the ministry of reconciliation must be a ministry organized and distinct, — not of necessity sacerdotal, not of necessity dogmatical, not of necessity technical, or limited to a department of nature or life. It may be, nay, it must be, broad, comprehensive, human, flexible, hospitable,

to a man like Arnold himself, but none the less distinct, and organized for distinct work.

Young men, I have given you my idea of this ministry as I entertain it. It is for you to fill it out as well as you may. You will never fill it out to your satisfaction. Alas for you if you think you do! You will often be tired and discouraged; you will feel as if you had chosen rashly, and committed a fatal mistake; you will look out from your lonely post, and dream that you might have been happier and more useful somewhere else. When tempted to do so, search yourselves, and you will discover that you are under the power of the lower mood. You are giving up the battle, not praying that you may wage it on harder fields; you are coveting applause, or you are greedy for money.

Remember now, I pray you, and never forget, that ours is an austere calling. It means work, study, thought, care. It is pretty sure to mean things worse than these. You must not complain because others fare more sumptuously, and wear costlier garments than you. You must not whine because you cannot live as well as your parishioners. Be satisfied to live in simple nobleness with your humanity. You do not enter the ministry to be rich or famous or luxurious. The less of all that you may be the more you are faithful. Estimate your loyalty by the earnestness of your battle. The prophets have often been called to make bread out of stones. The ministry is not a *paying* profession: they who wish it might be, do not understand it; they who hope to make it so, had better leave it. We can well spare those young men who avoid it for more lucrative pursuits. Prize the human absolutely, supremely, solely; but never confound the human with the secular. Do not imagine, that, by imitating the secular dress and manners, you are broadening your humanity: you are not. You are merely incurring the danger of confounding the lower humanity with the higher. Humanity is not a slouched hat or a gray coat, a swagger or a cigar. Respect your order, regard its decencies, observe its proprieties, be jealous of its honor. *Culture and character*,—be these your mottoes. Do not be ashamed of being ministers.

Let men see that you are ministers because you are men, and they will respect your ministry. Do not fret against the limitations which shut you in with all things noble, and only shut you out from some things pleasant. Be tranquil in the atmosphere of serene truths; be happy in the spiritual companionship of the good among the living, of the sainted among the dead; hold fast the unseen hands of the men who have lived and died for their fellows; and listen for every note of that still, sad music which has breathed, and is ever breathing, from those who have borne the cross, and have found in sacrifice an all-sufficing joy.

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ART. II. — UHLHORN'S "MODERN REPRESENTATIONS  
OF THE LIFE OF JESUS."

*The Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus.* Four Discourses delivered before the Evangelical Union at Hanover, Germany. By Dr. GERARD UHLHORN, First Preacher to the Court. Translated from the third German edition, by CHARLES H. GRINNELL. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1866. pp. xii, 164.

To those who see in Christianity only one among the more remarkable phenomena of history, and in its founder only a person with a singular "genius for religion," there is presented a continual problem: many centuries have passed, yet the questions touching society or the individual, which arose with Christianity, are still the absorbing themes of discussion; the life of Jesus is still the most fascinating in history. Why is it that each new attempt to solve the mystery of that life creates a sensation in every class of the community, whether addressed to the scholar or "to the people;" while Clough's "Plutarch," Forsyth's "Cicero," and even Irving's "Washington," fall comparatively unnoticed from the press? Is it because the facts in the life of Jesus are disputed, together with the significance of his work? The same may be said of the career of Mohammed; but omit those grosser details,



which attract indeed like the carrion of the wilderness, and who cares for the life of Mohammed, except the historian? Is it because the life of Jesus gathers an interest from those relations to Christianity into which we are accidentally born, this network of life and civilization about us? If this be conceded, we are only called to the solution of a new problem: What has interwoven Christianity so inextricably with all the interests of this Occidental life?

It was with no surprise, then, that on the appearance of "*Ecce Homo*," two years ago, we saw in the murmurs of applause and dissatisfaction from over the water the interest which a new life of Jesus awakened in the minds of English readers. For thirty years we had had the German, and more lately the French, conception of Jesus: we had then to welcome in "*Ecce Homo*" a thoroughly English one, — English in its popular style, its waiving of the critical method, perhaps also in its theory of the State.

To-day there is a lull. Strauss, Lange, Hase, Renan, Schenkel, and we know not what others, have from various points of view drawn their portraits of Jesus. We have now before us, and propose to notice in these pages, a critical study of the chief of these sketches, — those of Strauss, Renan, and Schenkel, — and indeed a survey of the ground and of the foundations of the Christian edifice. The author, Dr. Uhlhorn, of Hanover, though apparently a high Lutheran, speaks for the most part with admirable calmness and dignity. While not disguising his earnest desire to establish the Orthodox view of Christ's life and work, he strengthens his position not a little by his fairness in stating the case of his opponents; by what Martineau, in his "*Essay on Mill*," calls "a deliberate, intellectual conscientiousness, which, scorning to take advantage of accidental weakness, will even help an opponent to develop his strength, that none but the real and decisive issue may be tried." We feel that he knows both what he speaks and whereof he affirms, and that he can afford to be quite just to his opponents.

We are indebted to Mr. Grinnell, not only for translating the work, but for putting it into such strong, happily chosen,

and idiomatic English. This adds much to our pleasure in reading the book.

The work contains rather more than the title would lead us to expect. It is not merely an examination of the "*Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus*:" nearly half the book is taken up with the Gospels and the miracles, treated somewhat independently. There are four discourses whose contents may be briefly stated as follows:—

In the first discourse, after tracing the historical preparation in the decline in the first third of our century of the old or "vulgar" rationalism, in the publication of the views of Strauss, and, later, of those of the Tübingen school (both these latter having endeavored to explain the origin of Christianity independently of Jesus), the author comes to the "*Life of Jesus*" by Renan. Of this he gives a summary, and criticises unfavorably the picture thus drawn. In the second discourse, he does the same for the views of Schenkel and Strauss. In the third discourse, the authenticity of the Gospels is discussed. Assuming for the moment, for the sake of the argument, that the miraculous element in these books is no bar to our acceptance of them, he unfolds the evidence of their genuineness; and especially in the case of the fourth Gospel, where both the external and the internal evidence is given at some length. In the fourth discourse the author takes up what he had previously waived,—the question of miracles.

We purpose now to call attention, with comment or query, to several passages which struck us in the reading.

On page 9, as again on pp. 114 *seq.*, and 150, the author presents the chief, perhaps the ultimate and unanswerable, argument for Christianity,—the *life* of its defenders. "Come and see" is an appeal beside which miracles are as nothing. On the same page, the author alludes to the indirect influence of such writers as Strauss and Schenkel on many persons who, from want of time or inclination, have not read the books, but who "content themselves with the knowledge of having it down in black and white, that it is all over with Christianity!" We are reminded of what a biographer of

Pascal tells us, that while the Jesuits in vain essayed to put forth other than the frailest, most absurd replies to the "Provincial Letters," thousands of their adherents and admirers took great comfort from the fact that *an answer had been made!*

On p. 6, after showing that each new attack on Christianity begins by declaring every preceding one a failure, the author strikingly adds, "It is as if we heard at the door the feet of them who shall come in to carry out those also who lord it over the present day." The point which made perhaps the deepest impression on us in the first discourse was this, — that after the ill success of Strauss and of the Tübingen school in explaining the origin and growth of Christianity independently of Christ, both parties seem now agreed to fight the battle upon this narrower ground, — the person and work of Jesus.

"The attack, therefore, is all the more dangerous, since it is now directed against the very heart of the Christian faith; but the change in the situation is evidence of unmistakable progress. We are at least rid of Christianity without Christ. The ground is cleared; and, though the fight is harder, the issue is fortunately nearer" (pp. 16).

The absurdities of Renan are set forth well, and not without a touch of humor, as on pp. 24, 25. On p. 28, the author shows, as Professor Fisher has so well done in his examination of Renan ("Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity"), that Renan has unconsciously aided the cause he assailed, by reducing the discussion to a dilemma in which an honest and unbiassed mind cannot evade the claims of Christianity.

"We may truly learn from Renan whither one is led, who, on the one hand, admits the records of the evangelists to be historical, even if it is only in their outlines, — (and this must be admitted by any one who is not willing to fall into a most unscientific arbitrariness); and, on the other hand, refuses to acknowledge that Jesus is the Son of God become man. Then, it is true, one gets a mere man, but most certainly not a purely moral one, a pattern of genuine humanity; but one that is from intrinsic necessity a fanatic and an impostor."

We have, however, a criticism to make. The clause which we have thrown into a parenthesis, because it is not essential to the statement of the dilemma, is really the very point at issue, by denying which the opponent escapes the dilemma. For if the latter were stated in a formal way, it might stand thus: *If the Gospels be historical*, then either Jesus is the Son of God, &c., or else he is a fanatic and impostor (for the Gospels make him claim to be the Son of God, &c.). On p. 31, the author, after speaking of Renan's attempt to palliate the lying and imposture of which he makes Jesus guilty, pointedly adds,—

"Take notice here, that these are the moral foundations of those who talk so much about morality, and plume themselves upon reducing Christianity to its simple moral principles."

In our author's examination of Schenkel, he is at times far from satisfactory. On p. 52 he finds fault with Schenkel for admitting a groundwork in fact for the narrative of miracles, but denying the miraculous itself. But does not our author allow, with some of the keenest of the Orthodox writers, that there is against a miracle a certain presumption, which must be removed; and that some quite natural events have been known in history to take on a miraculous coloring? Again, on p. 62, while charging Schenkel with a wavering view of the sinlessness of Jesus, in that he speaks of great inner struggles and storms which Jesus is supposed to have experienced, our author says, "Where inner storms and temptations are, there is sin." Would he hold, then, that Jesus had no inner struggles? What mean those words attributed to him in the Gospel of John (xii. 27): "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? [Shall I say], Father, save me from this hour? But for this cause came I unto this hour." Again, on p. 65, the author seems to lay stress on the Godhead of Jesus as essential to our belief in his sinlessness. But, if Jesus was sinless by virtue of his Godhead, what merit in it? Why say any thing about it? If God, could he be otherwise than sinless?



On pp. 66, 67, we read, —

"We can have faith only in God. . . . We are now obliged to confront the following alternative: Either the Christ of Schenkel is a mere man like other men, remarkable, perhaps the most remarkable of all, but only within the bounds of human nature, — and hence we dare not have faith in him; . . . or we can have faith in him, — and hence he is not a mere man."

This is hardly satisfactory. Schenkel may have missed his aim; but what does it amount to, to say we can have faith only in God? There is a sense in which we *do* have faith in men. The point is, Was Jesus human, and no more? If he was, our faith in God is yet like the rock. Our author, however, seems to be just in his strictures upon Schenkel for his arbitrary treatment of the Gospels. "What suits Schenkel's portrait is genuine; what does not suit it, is not genuine."

The third discourse is devoted to the discussion of the authenticity of the Gospels. The Gospels and the miracles are so intimately connected, that they stand or fall together; but, for the sake of the argument, the author, in this discourse, assumes that the miraculous element in the narrative is no hindrance to our acceptance of the books, and then proceeds to unfold the evidence of their genuineness. On p. 80 we are told that the gospel era was an *historical* one; and we are thus reminded of a sentence in a letter of Dr. Arnold\* to Bunsen (or *from* him, for the note is ambiguous): "Strauss writes about history and myths, without appearing to have studied the question; but, having heard that some pretended histories are mythical, he borrows this notion as an engine to help him out of Christianity. But the idea of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St. Paul mistaking such for realities!" On p. 82, the author says, —

"Since the history in question was such as to involve the hatred of the whole world when it was professed, and might lead to disgrace and even to death, people were apt to inquire carefully beforehand upon what ground it rested."

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\* Life and Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 63, note.

But the argument from the early martyrdoms is less convincing than it was once thought to be; and if we may credit the extraordinary accounts, in Renan's "*Apostles*," of recent martyrs in Persia, the argument is almost worthless. The argument from the admitted genuineness of the four Pauline Epistles (Romans, 1st and 2d Corinthians, and Galatians), out of which the essential features of the Gospels may be independently gathered, seems to us the strongest that can be brought to the defence of the latter. Full of interest is the account (pp. 90 *seq.*, cf. pp. 14 *seq.*) of the gradual though reluctant retreat of the Tübingen writers, inch by inch, as it were, from the second into the first century for the assignment of the dates of the Gospels. The argument for the genuineness of the fourth Gospel is, in our judgment, a masterpiece for clearness and simplicity. The comparison, on p. 112, of the four Gospels to four portraits of the same person by different artists, instead of to four photographs from the same plate, seems to us as reasonable as it is beautiful.

The fourth discourse (that on miracles) we found in some respects the most interesting in the book, though at certain points rather unsatisfactory. On pp. 117, 118, the author declares, but in our judgment fails to show clearly, that a denial of the fact of miracles—we had almost said, even of the moral *possibility* of miracles—involves a denial of God and of Christianity. The conviction grows upon us daily, that, in order to lay such stress on miracles, we must lay a yet greater stress on the fact of SIN. This, indeed, the author does on pp. 144 *seq.* Sin implies a *personal* God; and a personal God is what the deniers of miracles are too apt to reject. Witness the Pantheists and Positivists. Even Deism tends in the same direction, by removing God far from his creation, and leaving his creatures to their own devices. It is no easy thing, as Professor Fisher has shown in his essay on the subject, to give a correct idea or definition of a miracle, so as to avoid confounding it, on the one hand, with superhuman, yet quite natural, events,—as the courses of the sun, the phenomena of vegetation, &c.; and, on the other

hand, with such violations of natural laws as would convict the Divine Agent of fickleness or want of foresight. Perhaps the best definition ever given of a miracle is that of Pascal: \* "An effect which exceeds the natural force of the means employed for it;" provided we keep in mind the will of God, which is concerned in every miracle. The author seems to have been successful in stating the true idea of a miracle, so as to avoid the difficulties just hinted at; yet we again venture to offer some criticisms on certain illustrations and incidental statements and phrases. The case cited on p. 120 appears irrelative. Franke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle, was one day in urgent need of money for the purposes of the Institution. He goes to his closet and prays; and, as he comes from his chamber, a letter is handed him with the required sum. A most wonderful coincidence, indeed, but hardly a miracle; for, besides the fact, that with no great violence to probability it might be explained as a mere coincidence, an objector might with reason press the consideration, that the letter must have left the sender's hands before the prayer was offered, even if not before the emergency arose. To seek escape from this difficulty by suggesting that the sending was providentially ordered in view of the foreseen prayer, is to embarrass an already difficult subject with vexed questions touching the relations of Divine foreknowledge and will to human freedom.

On p. 123, in criticising Renan's *test* miracle, the author, in our judgment, errs in saying, "No more can be demanded of us than to prove them [miracles] as we prove every other historical fact, by unsuspected witnesses, who can and will tell the truth." This last is the very point at issue: we may justly look more narrowly into the testimony to alleged events, when these are miraculous, and may consider whether the honest witnesses may not have been under a misapprehension, or have been deceived. On p. 129, the author says that the visions of the Maid of Orleans, and the voices she heard, are to be explained as illusions, the result of disease or unnatural excitement. But why so? Is not the evidence as

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\* Thoughts, chap. xxiii.

good as for Paul's vision of Jesus on the way to Damascus? The author says that Paul distinguished between a vision and real sight, and adds (p. 130), —

"When the Apostle Paul, in order to prove his apostolic worth, appeals to the fact that he too had seen the Lord, as the other apostles had, his sight must have been just such a sight as theirs, — consequently a real, and not a visionary one, — or the reasoning would amount to nothing."

Of the two alternatives, one might prefer the latter; for Paul was not always severely logical. But how gross all this is! The author's argument requires him to make Paul see Jesus with the eye of *flesh*; this Jesus, then, must have a body of flesh (for how can a fleshly eye see spirit?): therefore flesh and blood can inherit the spiritual world! On p. 133 we are asked, "What became of the body of Jesus?" i.e., if it did not rise. But an objector might ask, with at least as much emphasis, What became of the body, in case of the resurrection? If we credit Luke's narrative, it was material enough, — we write with becoming reverence and seriousness, and because these thoughts have sadly bewildered us, — it was material enough to partake of fish and honey-comb. Did it, then, ascend into some material heaven?

We are much perplexed by the author's use of the expression "*final* cause" on pp. 137, 140 *seq.*, 143; also on p. 118. The context seems to require the idea of a *blind, unintelligent* cause; but a *final* cause implies an eye that, at least in design, sees the end from the beginning.

These criticisms have been made thus freely, in deprecation of the tendency among some to push injudiciously the argument from miracles. Miracles are the grossest testimony to religion; and a faith which rests on them, even if it be possible to call it so, is of the lowest sort. Beautiful are the closing words of the author: —

"The final, thorough, heart-winning proof of the truth of the Christian faith must be set forth by our lives. I will close by reminding all of you, that the best defence of the life of Jesus is the life of a Christian in whom Jesus lives. Let us all work together in this defence."



## ART. III. — BUNSEN.

*A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of his Majesty Frederic William IV. at the Court of St. James. Chiefly drawn from Family Papers, by his Widow, FRANCES, BARONESS BUNSEN. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1868.*

It is not often that the words "Envoy Extraordinary" have any meaning; but, as we pause to remember how this man's life was passed, we feel that for once they are not misapplied. Carl Christian Bunsen, the sole child of his father's old age, lived to hold as a statesman, for thirty-four years, the highest diplomatic honors of his country; to become an authority the while in letters, archæology, philology, and art; at the same time that the severest historical researches, and immense labors in Biblical criticism, seemed to be taken up,—as other men took up their daily game of billiards, or drank their morning cup of coffee. Truly does his wife say of the protracted labors of the last agonized months, "But these were not to be called *work*: it was no trouble to him to pour out the ripened fruit of his well-stored mind;" and the constant activity of that cultured and inquisitive spirit was never better illustrated than when, for the last time, he called Kamphausen, who was his assistant in the "Bibelwerk," and said to him, with closed eyes, "Dear Kamphausen, I am not able to confer with you to-day. Work on alone, and be ready. But listen to me: I have made out the question about Obadiah; he lived in the time of Jehoshaphat,—that is clear;" and then he corrected a word in Kamphausen's last translation.

These volumes err, as all recently written biographies do err, in attempting to give the Life through the Letters. What a man thinks, wishes, and fancies he effects, is one thing. What other men think of him, wish for him, or give him credit for achieving, is another. Never did any author require a sharp outline of his actual experience from an outside observer, if Bunsen did not. It has yet to be eliminated

from the affectionate sympathy of this record, and the keen criticism of his opponents. Here we are permitted to follow all the personal disappointments, to see the bitter struggles of his loyal and religious soul; but his political history, his place among the statesmen, is still unindicated.

The family to which Bunsen belonged would seem to have dwelt at Corbach, in Waldeck, for centuries. Three ears of corn in their escutcheon indicate the condition of agriculturists. His father had, by a first wife, two daughters, — Christiana and Helen. In his old age, he married the *gouvernante* of the Countess of Waldeck, Johannette Eleonore Brocken, a woman held in high esteem at the palace of Berghheim, but who gave to her child no impression of motherly tenderness. Upon his early years, the strongest influence was exerted by his sister Christiana, a person of a certain unlovely strength and integrity of character, in whom practical skill probably challenged the allegiance of the purely ideal child. At the age of thirteen, he began to save his pennies to buy books. He was the best French scholar in his school; but it is noted as peculiar, that he never could be taught to sing or dance. His prodigious powers of work betrayed themselves at school, where an essay of forty-one pages written in one week, and the fair transcript of sixty, to help his overtaken father, on one Sunday, astonished all his companions. At one of the examinations, the counsellor asked to have Schiller's poem of "The Bell" declaimed on the following day; and Bunsen committed it in time. His passionate love of books extended to a sort of intimacy with the bookbinder, and even then he began to talk of India, — a name that his brightest companions only knew as they saw it on the map. At Marburg and at Göttingen his presence was a blessing, for he knew how to apply the right stimulus to all sorts of professors. He met them without dissimulation, and his brilliant intelligence piqued them to their very best! At Göttingen, at the age of twenty-one, he obtained the prize for his celebrated essay on the "Athenian Law of Inheritance." The event, which almost intoxicated his friends with delight, did not interrupt the usual hours of

his daily work. At this age he was said to resemble in a striking manner the portrait of the first Napoleon now hanging in the town-house at Brügge,—a likeness which occasioned personal inconvenience when he went to Paris in 1816.

Four likenesses of Bunsen adorn these volumes. First comes the bust by Wolff, executed in 1827, at the age of thirty-six. It is not wanting in dignity. The head seems but partially developed, and the likeness to Napoleon can be traced. Then come the portrait by Richmond, and the bust by Behnes, both taken in his fifty-sixth year. The portrait by Richmond, which seems to be a favorite with his family, tested by comparison with the others, reminds us of the idealized portraits of Rowse in this country, in which the idealization frequently passes to the point of caricature; and we see not our friend, but our friend's moment of exaltation, unnaturally, and therefore offensively, protracted. This portrait might well stand for that of Harold Skimpole, and the name will suggest to the reader the precise point of caricature; while it is remarkable, that Behnes' bust, executed in the same year, is the only likeness of him which gives the impression of age. Thirteen years later, when Bunsen was at the age of sixty-nine, Roeting gives us at Bonn a portrait unequalled for dignity and power. In this picture, as in that of Goethe, the brain is dominant; suffering has imposed reflection and self-restraint, while it has neither dimmed the sweetness, depressed the aspiration, nor diminished the hope.

Great was the spite entertained against him, throughout his life; for, although a *parvenu* and a commoner, he made kings his intimates, and his demeanor was that of a man who crouched before no one. His education had more than exhausted his father's slender means; but the intimacy of Schulze, Lücke, Lachman, and Reck showed that this appropriation had been wisely made. In 1820, he found himself an orphan. It is customary in German universities to encourage students to preach, even when they have not decided to follow the Church; and the satisfaction given by Bunsen's *one sermon* made it matter of regret when he left Marburg. It was an

act of great moral courage to resign his fellowship, and go to Göttingen, without visible support, in search of a necessary stimulus. One can hardly tell whether to admire most the brave clairvoyance of the boy, or the steady trust of the father, who, being a man that would have demanded unquestioning obedience from the child, granted hearty consent *now* to the apparently wilful decision of the youth. Heyne, the leading classical scholar in Germany at that time, was professor at Göttingen, and he knew how to value the student. "Poor and lonely did I arrive," wrote Bunsen, "but Heyne guided, encouraged, stimulated me;" and what was more, he put him in the way of getting pupils, so that Bunsen soon found the way to earn his own bread. Here, too, he formed an intimacy with William B. Astor, of New York, whose excellent accommodations he shared as his German tutor. His habits of early rising—he had always been waked by his father at three in the morning—gave him the advantage of undisturbed morning hours. Mr. Astor had already prepared to entice him to America. "Be not alarmed," he writes: "to America I shall not go, so long as a Germany exists."—"When I met Bunsen," wrote more than one student of that day, "my happy time began."—"It was so unusual," wrote Abeken, "that one whom I could love and honor should advance to meet me!"

In 1814, while on a journey to seek his sister in Holland, Bunsen was delighted by the happy purchase of some Oriental manuscripts, over which he rejoiced with infantine exultation. "Building Stones" was the title of a philological paper written by him at this period. How significant of the true character of a man who never was known to accumulate loose pebbles and drift, but always stored away well-chiselled material! It was Brandis who persuaded Bunsen at this time to go with him to Copenhagen, to pursue the study of the Northern tongues. Subsequently, when Brandis went as a private lecturer to Berlin, at the suggestion of Niebuhr, Bunsen went with him. This led to Brandis being made Secretary of Legation when Niebuhr was sent to Rome; and Bunsen followed, quite ignorant that in that spot he was to have a



happy home for twenty-two years. Astor had left Göttingen in 1814, promising to return in two years, — a promise faithfully kept.

In his last year at Göttingen, Bunsen created some sensation by going indignantly out of a lecture-room, where he conceived sacred things to be discoursed of in an unworthy spirit, — an act the more noticeable, as he was supposed to sympathize in the views themselves, and to object merely to the spirit in which they were given out. It was customary in Bunsen's life to hear him spoken of as a man who turned with fascinating and brilliant indecision from one object of interest to another; but perhaps no man ever held to his aim with more tenacity than he. The points laid down in a "plan of study" which he presented to Niebuhr at Berlin in 1816, were steadily held in view until the hour of his death in 1860. A visit of Mr. Astor to Italy opened to Bunsen an opportunity, which he eagerly seized, to pursue his Persian studies. His marvellous philological power was manifested by the manner in which he instantly took his place in a class with men who had been eight and ten years at work, studying, as he expressed it, with "fury and delight." At Rome, without money, prospects, or consolidated plans, his future immediately opened. About this time he began to show an affectionate interest in Italy and America, and to indicate the precise position of Germany in the work of human progress. He was one of those fortunate men who carry in their presence the evidences of their power; and so we are not surprised to find him in April, 1817, the favorite guest of a distinguished English family in Rome, who introduce him to the Duchess of Devonshire, and with whose oldest daughter he soon confesses he has "been for eight days a *little in love*." The moment he discovered this, he withdrew from the intercourse which had already become precious; but there was at that moment one woman in Rome who knew how to value the real happiness of her daughter beyond a fixed income or an achieved success. When Mr. Waddington turned to Niebuhr for advice, the Prussian Minister replied, "Had I a daughter myself,

I would gladly give her to him. His talents, ability and character are a capital most safely to be reckoned on." In less than three months, Bunsen was married. "Great happiness," he writes, "is hard for a man to bear and to deserve." During his first months of married life, he carried on his Bible studies, encouraged in this work by the intelligent perplexities of the young girl he had married. On the 31st of October, he was regularly inducted into diplomatic life under Niebuhr, and celebrated at his own suggestion and in his own way the tercentenary of the Protestant Reformation. "The Italians are angry," he wrote; "which, however, matters not. May our grandchildren in 1917 celebrate their jubilee *in Rome*, and in a *church*!" His exceeding happiness had only one effect, — to make him feel more and more that he must do some great work. His first "Christmas tree," brought with it the slander that he was imitating Popish practices. The date of December, 1817, is interesting, because under it he makes his first distinct utterance concerning his latest work in life, — a work to which all others were subservient, and towards which the intelligent observer of his life must feel that even his great work on Egypt was only one protracted study. "*The consciousness of God in the mind of man, and that which in and through that consciousness he has accomplished, especially in language and religion, — this was from the earliest time before my mind,*" he writes in a letter to his sister Christiana. It is in the same letter that he speaks thus of the chief disappointment of his earlier life, the failure of a purpose he had cherished of travelling in India: —

"And now nothing was ever so certain to me, in my life, as that the journey to India, had I been able to accomplish it, would have caused me to miss my main point: not that the journey would have been without use of itself, but I should have been crushed by the load that it would have brought upon me, and, in the means to my great end, the end would not have been reached."

The character of his sister Christiana must not be passed over in estimating the forces which moulded him. She had

been adopted by an aunt who died early, and the mismanagement of the severe illness which followed the young girl's bereavement seems to have laid the foundation of a lasting invalidism. After her father's second marriage, she returned to Corbach. A very short acquaintance with a ward of her father's led to an attachment so deep, that both parties remained faithful to it during two-and-twenty years of separation, during which neither received any intelligence of the other. Unfortunately, Faber was wealthy; and Heinrich Bunsen's sense of honor, or his mistaken sense of the value of money, made him conceal Chistiana's residence, and forbid her to answer the letters which Faber addressed to her from a distant military station. When he returned and could find her, he still urged marriage; but he was following Bonaparte to Russia, and from that campaign he never returned! No wonder that she could not remain in her paternal home. No wonder that, when Bunsen went to meet her in 1814, his heart was touched to the depths to find her ill and dependent on strangers. No wonder that he gladly provided for her, although her "harsh character" made her presence no healing balm, but a sharp thorn in his side. In 1825, he made the great mistake of bringing her to reside in his own family; where she continued for nearly eight years, and where, it is clear, she was an instrument of moral flagellation that threatened constant discord. She knew right from wrong with matchless perspicuity, while utterly unconscious that her own heart was unsubdued, and her religion that of the understanding only. It needed a love as vital as that which bound Bunsen to his wife to withstand the influence she exerted.

The labors and honors which followed his happy marriage can only be indicated. He was made Secretary of Legation in 1818, carried through the erection of the Protestant hospital in Rome, devoted months in every year to the formation of a new Prussian liturgy, and to forming art-collections for the king. He took up Egypt with Champollion in 1824, had a "kind of shrinking from it," but invited Lepsius to Rome, and organized and carried through the great Prussian expedi-

tion, nevertheless. He provided England with materials for its own history from the Vatican. He completed his description of Rome; revived an old Catholic foundation to allow young men to study at Rome; looked after cholera patients; and finally, entangled by the unhappy diplomacy of his own court and the court of Rome in relation to mixed marriages, received in 1838 "permission to travel," which ended in a long residence at London as Prussian Minister, after a short diplomatic career in Switzerland, where, according to his instructions, he "did nothing." He wished at this time to purchase California for Prussia, a plan warmly applauded by the Minister at Washington, and from which Humboldt dissuaded his majesty. The Puseyites were angry with him for his letter to Gladstone; the "English Review" had found out that "Egypt" was the "work of a heretic;" and so the Bishop of Lincoln took occasion to show him peculiar honor at a dinner of the Literary Fund. A good conscience kept Bunsen himself comfortable. About him clustered everybody distinguished for scholarship or manhood. In 1847 he published his "Ignatius." He made out the pictorial character of one hundred and thirty of the four hundred Chinese roots, and "finds the connection of Egypt with China capable of being made out." While his indispositions increased in violence, he still worked on, corresponding with American doctors of divinity, and continuing to give to the Prussian Government, by his own residence on Carlton Terrace, an altogether new dignity.

When his recall came in 1854, it only gave him an opportunity to inaugurate his "Bibelwerk," in the quiet home at Charlottenburg, near Heidelberg. He became popular in Germany as the author of an Introduction to Caird's "Sermon on Daily Life." Of George Sand's "L'Histoire de Ma Vie," which he read in his sick room, he says, "A wonderful book. This woman has a deep, and I think a *true* soul. She is said to be ugly, which is a pity; but, as the Suabian wisely said, 'Unpleasant that is, but no sin.'" He went to Berlin to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance; and his brilliant reception formed a graceful and picturesque close to an



intimacy with his sovereign of precisely thirty years' duration.

At Charlottenburg he projected a *Life of Jesus* and a *Life of Luther*. "Sent to Coventry" by the excited feelings of his neighbors, during the Crimean war, as "too German," he was nevertheless the first to start a subscription for the relief of Austrian prisoners. The difficulties of Bunsen's life as a diplomatist seem to have arisen from the fact, that the king loved him, actually hungered and thirsted after him, so as to create an intense envy at court; and from that independence of soul which would never bow to prejudice or party. The excitement he created in England was also felt in America. An English woman, and an American man together supplied the funds for the completion of his noblest works. "The daily beauty of his own life made certain other people ugly," but only narrow people talked against him. Many a young German and Briton might make his first acquaintance with the true glory of manhood through Bunsen's person. If he was strong and great, he was eminently complete. In Goethe's character there was neither fervor nor reverence. In Bunsen's there were both. His faults were the exaggeration of rare virtues. He was, as his best critic, the writer in the "North-British Review" for June, 1868, has said, "a thorough German." In his single-hearted devotion to truth, his enthusiasm, his wide reach of speculation and grasp of ultimate principles, in the systematic tabulation of his knowledge, and the fine fury with which he devoured his proper food, he is inferior to no man on record, so far as we know. God gently led him, keeping him out of all positions and occupations that would have narrowed him. His great bent was towards theology. His "Egypt" would never have been written had he not desired to throw light on the Pentateuch. He handled the Bible as freely as the "Hippolytus;" but his rationalism was not cold. He knew of no nature not guided by a great Spirit, who breathed *out* of all life and history as well as *into* it. Arnold, Hare, and Stanley were the men he loved. He called Channing an apostle; and of the evangelicals could only say, that they kept on "thrashing the old straw." The ideas

of a personal devil and a fiery hell were no part of Christianity, in his view. The Incarnation not only takes place in *Christ*, but in the *Church*. He denies the vicarious office of Jesus, and speaks of the three persons in the Trinity as *three Factors*. The importance of a full translation of his "*Bibelwerk*," to English students, can hardly be exaggerated. If he did not live to complete it, he had put it so entirely into the hands of his assistants, that no difficulty nor confusion need arise in its publication.

In November, 1859, Bunsen was still at Heidelberg, impatient to despatch the manuscript of his "*Bibelwerk*," that he might feel free to go by way of Paris to Cannes. He took part in the centenary celebration of Schiller's birth, and great physical suffering was the consequence of his sympathy with the universal emotion. It was his last appearance on any national occasion. He gave up his house, expecting to return to Bonn, and met his son Ernest in Paris; while his wife and daughters remained behind, to save him the fatigue and pain of the last arrangements. In Paris, Renan discussed with him a new commentary on the "*Song of Solomon*." In January, at Cannes, he seemed so comfortable, that occasional hopes of recovery animated those who loved him. In February, he continued to work at the Commentary and "*Bibelwerk*," revised his English "*Egypt*," and took a little more exercise in the open air. On the 25th of February, an attack of suffocation, attended by pain in the region of the heart, came on. The hour of intense suffering was only the beginning of the end. Only a week after, — on the fourth of March, — he presented his wife with a letter, as a birthday gift, full of happy, graceful passages, evidently intended to divert her fast-growing anxiety. Short excursions, which gave no relief, and pleasant visits from his children, broke up the weeks of suffering, in the midst of which the family met with a severe affliction. His daughter Matilda, who died in 1867, a deaconness at Anspach, was suddenly lamed for life; and at the moment when Bunsen was compelled by illness to move north, the heaviest anxieties hung round her sick bed, where her elder sister watched alone. On the journey, his son

Theodore left them to go to Japan. By the advice of an eminent physician at Basle, the father went to the baths at Baden-Weiler; but his restlessness increased, and, without relief, he hurried on to take counsel with his old friend, Dr. Wolff, at Bonn. He arrived on the 25th of May, and a slight improvement took place in his condition, which lasted till the 11th of June. From that day, his decline was uninterrupted. He lived for six months longer, each month adding to the sufferings of the last. Throughout June, he took his daily drive, leaving cards for the friends he made no attempt to see; and, as late as July, he enjoyed the society of Joachim. To please this friend, he gave one lecture on the religion of Buddha, and spoke for more than an hour. He wrote and corrected parts of his "Bibelwerk" daily; and it was at this time that Roeting's picture of him was painted, — a picture full of majesty, a worthy companion, in dignity and power, to the best portrait which remains of Goethe. On the 25th of June he had written, —

"I began on the 21st to compose the 'Problems and Key' to the work on Egypt. I have resumed the 'Conferences on the Prophets.' Next week, please God, the last touch will be put to the 'Gospels.' All ties binding me to the outer world are already, or will soon be, severed. After the 1st of July, I shall read no more political papers." "I can work only two or three hours a day."

On the 8th of August he writes, —

"The days have been heavy and the nights dark, but Eternal Love has surrounded and sustained my soul. I daily thank God that I have lived to see Italy free, and Garibaldi her hero! Now twenty-six millions will be able to believe that God governs the world, and to believe in Him. I have carried an English and a German volume through the press. The printing of the 'Gospels' begins the 1st of September, and this is more than ever the centre of my thoughts."

His birthday came on the 25th of August. It had always been a glad festival. It was now celebrated with the thought that it was for the last time; and with the deeper, sadder certainty, that no one who loved him could desire him to survive to another. He melted into tears before the portrait of his

wife, finished for the occasion. He had strength to address his family in some tender and hopeful words, and his glowing faith gradually raised the spirits of the rest. Still he showed, for some hours each day, a wonderful capacity for work. He conferred daily with Kamphausen on the Old Testament, and went through the first three Gospels with his son Henry, whose Biblical scholarship gave him cordial delight. He received visits from several royal personages. Two days of comparative ease made it possible for him to receive Mr. R. B. Morier, and an animated political conversation delighted his hearers. He was taken to the Garden Pavilion once to see a cast of the head of Jupiter Olympus from the Vatican. He took two airings with his son George, conveying to him his last wishes, — refraining from orders, but desiring that, if it were possible, this and that thing should be done. On the 26th of October, he went out for the last time. On the 28th, Wolff thought he was dying, and said, "The struggle is fearfully prolonged!" During this day, his broken utterances were carefully preserved. He murmured much about "Eternal Love, — Love that wills, Will that loves." — "Most precious Fannie, my first, my only love, in you I have loved what was eternal!" He remembered all his absent children, — the princes and statesmen of his native land. "If I have walked toward the throne," he said to his wife, "it was by your help." And how, among these deathbed utterances, should an American read without emotion the words, —

"All power founded on supposed privileges must perish; it is all of evil. The United States have yet much to do, — much for their future, to purify themselves, to make themselves free." — "We only are, in so far as we exist in love to God."

On the 4th of November, he was for a few hours quite himself; and, on the morning of the 12th, his beaming eyes "looked their last." Although he lingered till the 28th, the clouds of death continually overshadowed them. On the 1st of December, 1860, a bright and cloudless day, as he had desired, he was borne to his grave in the cemetery of Bonn. No hired official desecrated the occasion. The body was



borne in the arms of those who loved him, who constantly relieved each other. The boys of the Protestant school sang the hymn at the grave, and friends brought with their hands the earth that was to lie lightly on his breast. "His soul was joyful in God." Perhaps no man ever lived who combined more wonderful gifts,—a large heart with an almost universal intellectual grasp; a brotherly love for all men, of whatever nation or creed, with dignified loyalty to lofty station; a reformer's will and power to destroy, with the wise man's reverence for every thing holy on earth and in heaven. In England he attracted everybody by his sympathy and benevolence, by his wonderful brilliancy, his real humility, and his beaming personal beauty. God had been specially good to him, also, in giving him his wife. She was sweet, brave, strong, and inquiring. She valued all his great qualities so truly, that she had a perfect patience with his visionary faith in individuals; with his almost Arcadian simplicity and trust; with the hopefulness that was almost insane; with the buoyancy of spirit, which, if it often carried him over a dangerous abyss, sometimes was thought to prevent his feet, as well, from taking steady, manly hold of the earth he trod.

At last heaven has him, and from his green grave we catch the meaning echo of his life. On the stone is written what he so often said, "Let us walk in the light of the Eternal."

Of the book itself we have two things to say. We protest, again, against accepting a man's correspondence as a memoir of his life. It seems to us that the modern fashion of printing all a man's private letters the moment he is cold, grows partly out of the indolence of scholars, who will not trouble themselves to study the originals, and come to wise judgments concerning his bearing. We think also that it is impossible for near kindred to write a memoir that the world will finally accept. The exceptions to the statement are so rare, as to prove the rule. We protest also against several attempts, in these volumes, to give to Bunsen an orthodox position in theology and Christology which was not natural to him, and

which he never occupied. We know these attempts are unconscious, and we admit the difficulties. Bunsen was so large a man, that he never could make an extreme statement without at once seeing the other side, and endeavoring to balance it. It was natural that liberalists, looking only at his wide intelligence, perfect fearlessness, and radical criticism, should class him with the most reckless extremists. It was quite as natural that those who loved him most tenderly should feel the glow of his personal devotion, and reject the representation hastily. His constant protest against the Christology of the churches, his friendship for Arnold and Renan, show very clearly what manner of man he was. Whatever those who stood round his bed might think, his murmured expressions of "love to Christ," "the only true way," &c., were perfectly consistent with this position.

In every other respect, this memoir deserves great praise for its unflinching truth, with no hint or glint of unpleasantness anywhere. We hear that it has produced a great social excitement in England, because it goes so freely into the interiors of English homes. Nowhere do we get so pleasant a glimpse of the royal family. All the differing voices in regard to Victoria are gracefully harmonized on the pages of the baroness; and we find that the dignity of the queen is preserved, in spite of the affection of the wife and the fondness of the mother, and the cheerful chat which seems so vapid on the royal pages. Certainly, all women should bless Albert and Victoria, who knew how to appreciate whatever was noble and inspiring in art, philanthropy, science, or literature, and who have kept the court of England *clean* in a social and domestic sense for more than thirty years.

It is said that, when Bunsen first went to England, Exeter Hall received him with delight. There are few traces of Exeter Hall in these volumes. The great heretic, whose advocate in the "Essays and Reviews" had to stand so furious a storm of theological rebuke, was a great pietist, as well as Christian in every fibre of his feeling; but that appeased nobody! He chose to go through the natural to the divine. The stupid world of priests, Protestant and Catho-

lic alike, strove in vain to drive him into the supernatural. Whatever be the value of the dogmatic results of his labors (and this is not the place to discuss a question, which stimulates afresh our enthusiastic interest), the impetus of the spirit which he imparted to theological inquiry can never be lost. It may, however, be said that few of those who pronounce against his judgments are qualified to consider them. They generally confess at the outset that they have not read the books, to which he gave the arduous study of fifty years, and the best powers of a mind open at his latest hour to fresh convictions.

The poor student, who helped himself forward by teaching gymnastics, succeeded Niebuhr at Rome, and was adopted into a wealthy English family when he was penniless, because a woman's heart foresaw his great renown, and prophesied his eventual dignity. Beloved by his king as few men are beloved by their equals, he was not only made the Prussian Minister to England, but throughout his life represented to the English mind, in a far higher degree than any other man, whatever was eminent in learning and theology, charming in character and distinguished in rank, on the Continent. Goethe never took such possession of the English mind as the ovation offered Bunsen at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance showed; for Goethe was no religionist, and did not know the meaning of that thoroughly English word, "home."

From first to last Bunsen was detested by the German aristocrats; but the best bread of the aristocracy came to his table without the asking. It was because he believed in a natural aristocracy that he accepted the life barony offered by his dying king, and sacrificed some of the most precious hours of his last years to the Chamber of Peers. "Civilized slavery," he said plainly, "was the only term which represented the political position of Germany." So absolutists, politicians, priests, were all against him: but God was with him, humanity is for him, the Church moves in the tramway which he spent his life in grading; and, whatever the result to him, his life stands a magnificent monument to the fact, that to simple manhood all the best powers of earth and heaven are for ever tributary.

## ART. IV.—THE MATHER PAPERS.

*Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.* Vol. VIII. Fourth Series. Published at the Charge of the Appleton Fund. Boston: Published for the Society by Wiggin & Lunt. 1868. 8vo.

AN honest pride in the character of their ancestors, and a desire to perpetuate the memory of their deeds, were among the peculiar traits of the English race brought hither by the founders of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies; and they have lost little of their real strength by the lapse of time, though they assume here a somewhat different form from that which arrests the attention of every thoughtful traveller in England. Both Governor Bradford and Governor Winthrop rightly estimated the magnitude of their undertaking; and fortunately they left invaluable records of the early history of the colonies of which they were the chief pillars. Inspired by their example, their successors were not unmindful of the duty devolving on each generation to gather up and preserve the traditions of the elders.

“A particular or two more,” writes Secretary Morton to Increase Mather, in a letter first printed in the volume before us, “I would propose unto you, which is, that you would please (if you shall see mature cause and reason) to be instrumental to set on foot and put forward a General History of New England; if this may be thought by the judicious (yourself and others) to be the time.” — *Mather Papers*, p. 595.

Three years after the date of this letter, the General Court ordered, —

“Whereas it hath been thought necessary, and a duty incumbent upon us, to take due notice of all occurrences and passages of God’s providences towards the people of this jurisdiction, since their first arrival in these parts, which may remain to posterity, and that the Reverend Mr. William Hubbard hath taken pains to compile a history of this nature, which the Court doth with thankfulness acknowledge; and as a manifestation thereof do hereby order the Treasurer to pay



unto him the sum of fifty pounds in money, he transcribing it fairly into a book, that it may be the more easily perused, in order to the satisfaction of this Court." — *Mass. Rec.*, vol. v. p. 378.

At a little later period, Cotton Mather published the "*Magnalia*;" and scarcely a generation had passed away when the first volume of the "*New-England Chronology*" was published by Thomas Prince. Prince was an antiquary in the best sense of the term; and at his death he left a large and precious collection of books and manuscripts for the illustration of the early history of New England. Among these were several parcels of letters and other papers which had belonged to Increase Mather, or to his more famous son, Cotton Mather; and it is from this prolific source that most of the Papers in the volume before us have been derived. Less than thirty years after Prince's volume was published, Governor Hutchinson gave to the world the first volume of his "*History of Massachusetts*," a monument of rare powers applied to the treatment of a worthy theme. However much we must condemn the political career of Hutchinson, it is impossible not to hold his labors as an historian in grateful remembrance. Hutchinson had been in his grave but eleven years, when the Massachusetts Historical Society—the oldest society of the kind in America—was organized for the purpose of doing, in a more systematic manner, what had thus been attempted by each successive generation since the first settlement of Plymouth and Boston. Impressed with the importance of multiplying copies of historical records and materials, they said in their Introductory Address to the Public, "The members of the Historical Society have determined, not only to collect, but to *diffuse*, the various species of historical information which are within their reach."\*

The volume now printed is the thirty-eighth in the invaluable series of Collections published in accordance with this purpose. Besides the collection of Mather Papers which was in the possession of Prince at his death in 1758, and nearly the

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\* 1 Collect. Mass. Hist. Society, vol. i. p. 4.

whole of which is now printed for the first time, the volume comprises a curious and interesting series of letters from Cotton Mather selected from the Winthrop Papers, and a few papers or extracts from other sources. As a whole, the collection is one of very great interest and value. Nearly all of the letters are worth printing, as illustrations of the character and opinions of men who were among the most conspicuous personages in New England, or for a wider historical interest; and many throw new light on some of the obscure points in our colonial history. They have been edited with marked ability and carefulness by the Publishing Committee,—Rev. Dr. Robbins, Professor Torrey, and Rev. Dr. Lothrop; and too much praise cannot be awarded them for the fidelity with which they have discharged a difficult task. Their notes include biographical notices of all the persons by whom the different letters were written or to whom they were addressed, and such other brief explanatory notes as seemed to be required. For most of these notes, which are precisely what such notes should be, the reader is indebted to the Chairman of the Committee, on whom the labor of preparing the volume for the press has of course mainly devolved.

In reviewing a collection so miscellaneous in its character as this, which includes letters from more than fifty different individuals, extending over a period of nearly three-quarters of a century, it is impossible to give an adequate impression of the richness and variety of its contents, without occupying more space than we can now devote to the volume; and for the same reason we must resist the strong temptation of discussing anew the character of the two remarkable men whose names will be most closely associated with it. For our present purpose, it will be sufficient to indicate a few of the principal topics illustrated by these letters, and to cite a few characteristic passages.\*

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\* The Publishing Committee have very properly printed the letters *verbatim et literatim*; but we have thought that our readers would be better pleased to read the extracts which we shall offer in a more familiar language. Accordingly, throughout this article, we shall uniformly modernize the spelling and correct the punctuation; but we shall make no verbal changes, though in two or three instances we shall be obliged to reproduce words now obsolete.

The first division, which fills nearly seventy pages, consists of letters from Nathaniel Mather, who succeeded his brother Samuel as minister to an Independent congregation in Dublin, and who was not the least remarkable member of a remarkable family. His letters are chiefly of interest, however, for the light which they throw on the religious condition of Ireland and England at the time when they were written, and as showing how great was the re-action of New England on the mother country. Thus, in a letter of uncertain date and address, but which is supposed to have been written in 1651, and sent to John Rogers, afterward President of Harvard College, Mather tells his friend,—

“Now I am here, I find matters so that I cannot but sincerely wish from my very heart, that all my good friends in New England were here also with myself. 'Tis a notion of mighty great and high respect to have been a New-English man; 'tis enough to gain a man very much respect, yea, almost any preferment.” — p. 4.

And, as if to impress this opinion the more strongly on his correspondent, he adds, in another part of the same letter, that if Mr. Hubbard (father of the historian) would

“learn but to be a little more rhetorical and get a faculty of better delivery, I question not but (the Independent party continuing to bear sway) he would, after a few weeks of making himself known, be *inter primos* of the whole kingdom. 'Tis incredible what an advantage to preferment it is to have been a New-English man.” — pp. 4, 5.

When we remember how considerable a number of the early graduates of the College went back to England, and how important a part the writings of Massachusetts ministers filled in the controversies in England between the Independents and the Presbyterians, it is impossible to believe that Mather was mistaken with regard to the state of feeling at that time existing among the persons with whom he came in contact.

In his letters to his brother, Increase Mather, there are numerous references to the much-vexed question of infant baptism; and he does not hesitate to express a strong dissent from his brother's views. Referring in one letter to “The First Principles of New England,” he tells his brother,—

"I am yet more abundantly satisfied than ever for infant baptism; but, as far as I see, some of your grounds infer rebaptizing in many cases. These three principles, — that infants are members of the church general visible, as you call it; that children baptized in your churches are subjects of Christ's discipline, that is, church discipline; and that there is a specifical difference between the membership of infants and adult persons, — I confess I believe not one of them." — p. 8.

And five years afterward he writes, —

"The company, or body, as you call them, of professing believers throughout the world are in truth no company, no body; having no compaction amongst themselves, any more than the loose stones in the highways in Ireland and in France and in New England are a house or body of stones, or all that speak in the world are a company of speakers, or all that eat and drink are a company of eaters and drinkers." — p. 35.

Certainly this was carrying the theory of church independency to its utmost limit. On several other points, also, he differed with his brother; and, shortly after the latter published the "*Κομητογραφία*; or, A Discourse concerning Comets," we find Nathaniel writing, —

"I am persuaded comets do no more portend than eclipses, and eclipses no more than the constant conjunctions of the sun and moon; that is just nothing at all, save only as they may be natural causes of alteration of air or weather; and I doubt not but what is in your book and sermons to this purpose may easily be answered." — p. 49.

A letter without date or address, but probably written in 1682, and certainly intended for Cotton Mather, contains good advice for a young minister: —

"As for any advice from me, you have those nearer you so well able, that I need say nothing. Only let me say, engage not in constant preaching (especially alone) too soon. . . . I had forgot to say to yourself, by any means get to preach without any use of or help by your notes. When I was in New England, no man that I remember used them, except one; and he because of a special infirmity, — the vertigo, as I take it, or some spice of it. Neither of your grandfathers used any; nor did your uncle here, nor do I, though we both of us write generally the materials of all our sermons." — p. 34.



Indeed, in nearly all of Nathaniel Mather's letters, we find evidence of a high degree of ability, good sense, and real kindness of heart, together with some of the less amiable characteristics of his family.

Passing over two or three letters from Richard Mather, the famous minister of Dorchester; and a few letters from John Russell, the minister of Hadley, who will be chiefly remembered on account of his long protection of the regicides Goffe and Whalley, — we come to a small and interesting collection of letters written by Increase Mather, which are of chief interest as revelations of personal character. One of the most curious is addressed to Michael Wigglesworth, author of "The Day of Doom," on hearing a report that he designed to marry his servant maid, who was "of obscure parentage, and not twenty years old, and of no church, nor so much as baptized." He plies his friend, who was then nearly fifty years of age, with arguments against the proposed marriage, telling him "the world will say, there's such an one: he was as justified a man as any of them, and yet we see unto what his affections have carried him" (p. 94). And he concludes, —

"Thus have I made bold to suggest my thoughts unto you; and if I had not respected the interest of religion, and your credit and comfort, I should have been wholly silent in a matter that concerns another, and not me, further than as I am bound to seek your welfare, and do what I may to prevent trouble from coming upon my neighbor and brother; especially such an one, whose name hath been, and I hope may still be, of precious esteem with the Lord's people. Though your affections should be too far gone in this matter, I doubt not but, if you put the object out of your sight, and look up to the Lord Jesus for supplies of grace, you will be enabled to overcome these temptations." — p. 95.

The remonstrance seems to have been to no purpose; for, shortly afterward, Wigglesworth married his second wife, — his first wife having probably been dead twenty years. Subsequently he married a third time.

Of considerably greater interest and importance is the letter of Mather to Dudley, indignantly denying the authorship of

the famous letter to Mr. Gouge in Amsterdam; which was at the time ascribed by some persons to Mather, but which is now generally admitted to have been a forgery. Appended to this letter is a copy of the Amsterdam letter as circulated in Boston; and there is also a second letter from Mather in explanation of his first letter, to the effect that he had never positively charged Edward Randolph with having forged the letter.

"The truth is," he writes, "I never thought that he (and therefore could not charge him), but a brother of his, was the forger: only I wish he can *bonâ fide* clear himself from being privy to that wickedness."\* — p. 112.

In connection with these letters, the Publishing Committee enter into an elaborate examination of the theory first suggested, we believe, by Dr. Palfrey in a note to the third volume of his excellent "History of New England," that the writing of the letter might have been a "freak" of Cotton Mather.† That this theory has no foundation in fact, will, we presume, be the opinion of almost every person who carefully considers the subject; but it does not seem to us quite so impossible that it may be true as it seems to the Committee. The reasons adduced

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\* Among the letters from Randolph in this volume is one to Governor Bradstreet, in which he says, —

"It's then no wonder you and the several of the magistrates had so few votes at the nomination, when one of the Sanhedrim had so magisterially prejudged you all. I take no notice of his reflecting upon the proceedings of affairs in England. I hope upon occasion he is able to make good his several assertions and his politic observations; but when Sir Lionel Jenkins asked me what his name was who wrote the letter, and finding it to be Mr. Mather (as I could well inform him), he said, 'What! is it that stargazer; that half-distracted man?' and took no more notice of him (as he deserved). I remember, when I was last with you, you were all alarmed with a scribbled paper (as 'twas called) abounding with treasonable reflections upon his Majesty, and indecent discourses of your Honor and others; but the author not being proved, nothing that I heard of came further of it. But I have by me Mr. Mather's original letter, which he promised he would write to good Mr. Kick by a ship which would sail about three weeks hence (as in the letter), in which letter he has treated me very much unlike a good Christian, much less a minister of God's word. But I thank God I heartily forgive him," Randolph hypocritically adds, "and have endeavored in no way his disquiet, but pray that he may repent of so great a sin against the king and many of his good subjects." — p. 528.

† History of New England, vol. iii. p. 557, note.

by Dr. Palfrey make out a plausible case; and nothing more, we think. There is no evidence that Mather was mistaken in ascribing the authorship of the letter to Randolph's brother or some other person acting with his knowledge and consent; and to regard it as the work of one of Mather's family or friends is at best a needless supposition. Hutchinson's account contains a perfectly satisfactory statement of the case.\*

The next, and to many readers the most interesting, division comprises letters and papers relating to the regicides. Among them are a long letter from Goffe to his wife, and one from Mrs. Goffe to her husband. They confirm the impression which the letters printed by Hutchinson were suited to produce, and it is impossible to read them without emotion. Mrs. Goffe spelt as badly as any lady of her time, and her Calvinistic theology is at times stiff enough to make one's hair stand on end; but her letters exhibit a tenderness, a pathos, and a singleness of heart which must win for her the sympathy and admiration of every reader. Nor are the letters of Goffe to her less tender and true. In every respect the collection is one of surpassing interest; and in no other part of the volume are

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\* In his answer to Randolph's letter, cited in a previous note, Governor Bradstreet writes, —

"I am sorry to hear what you write in reference to Mr. Mather. Some few weeks before I received your letter, there came over a copy of a letter that went under the notion of one of his; but he positively denies it, and saith every line of it is forged, is much concerned about it, and says he is much abused thereby: and indeed my charity is such, that, though I am afraid that he might write something inconvenient to his friends, yet I cannot think him so foolish and absurd to write all that is contained in that letter." In the same letter Bradstreet thanks his correspondent, "especially for the endeavor you say you will use for the peace and welfare of this place and people here, which, if you can be instrumental to effect, I am confident you will never have cause to repent thereof. I cannot choose but have a natural love and affection to this place and people, with whom I have spent so great a part of my life, though I have sometime met with pretty hard measure from some of them. I am afraid (by what I hear), that by this time some judgment is passed against our Charter; but if his Majesty would be graciously pleased, out of his princely clemency, to pardon what is past, and to continue the government here in such a way as is intimated in his Majesty's gracious Declaration, to which myself and several of the magistrates voted a submission, I doubt not but it would conduce as much to his Majesty's honor, dignity, profit, and satisfaction, as the sending over a Governor, which would be chargeable; and the people here, you know, are generally very poor, unless some few in Boston, and most of them not so rich as they are thought to be. The war with the Indians and late great fires have much impoverished this country, and the unprofitableness of trade everywhere doth much discourage." — pp. 532, 533.

the notes more copious or valuable. It will be remembered, that, for greater security, the correspondence between Goffe and his wife was carried on under the assumed names of Walter and Frances Goldsmith, writing in the characters of a son and his mother, so that his children are always spoken of as his sisters. Thus he writes to his wife:—

“DEAR AND HONORED MOTHER,—Yours of the 14th October and 23d February, 1671, came both together to my hands on the 12th June last; with which I have been abundantly refreshed, rejoicing greatly to hear that it is so well with you and your little ones, that the Lord is still pleased to keep and provide for you, and that all mine to yourself last summer came safe to you,—a great mercy, especially considering how many hands they passed through before they came to yours, which I was not aware of. I am glad you have informed me of it, for I would not make my letters too chary, to you.”—p. 136.

And in the same letter he writes,—

“That expression in your first, that my dear sisters are not much taken with the vanities of the world, I read with much joy; hoping that the Lord will not only keep them from hunting after the vain things of this world, but will in his due time give all of them hearts, with Mary, to choose the better part, which shall not be taken from them. . . . But that which you write in your second concerning dear Frank I cannot read without tears, not of grief, but of joy; for I have no greater joy than to hear that your children walk in the truth, as St. John speaks (Epi. 3) to Gaius.”—p. 139.

After much more of the same tender, affectionate, and trustful character, he closes with these words,—

“My dear mother, I once again beg the continuance of your prayers; for I have great need of them. I know you cannot forget me, day nor night; if I may conclude from the continual workings of my own thoughts, affections, and desires towards yourself and my dear sisters, and the motherly affection you have hitherto shown to an unworthy child, that hath caused you so much sorrow. But I must and do leave you to the sweet embracings of Him who is your Redeemer and your husband, the chiefest of ten thousand.”—pp. 142, 143.

In the preceding October, Mrs. Goffe had written to her husband,—



"I rejoice to hear that the country agrees so well with you, and that you thrive so well. It is the Lord's blessing, and it is marvellous in our eyes, that we should be provided for, when many of his dear children want. The Lord make us truly thankful, and give us hearts to be willing to be without what he will not have us to enjoy, though never so much desired by us. We are to be at the dispose of our heavenly Father; and, though he exercise us here with hard things, heaven will make amends for all. It will not be long before we shall see him as he is, and be made like unto Him who suffered for us, that through his righteousness we may be made righteous. I know not whether this may come to you safe, and therefore shall be the briefer; but I am willing to take all opportunities to let you know how it is with us, and how dear you are to me and your three sisters, longing greatly to see you. If the Lord see it good for us, he will bring it to pass in his own time. . . . I am glad you received what was sent. We are fain to be thrifty, and therefore I shall forbear sending till I hear what it is you want; but if in any thing I can serve you, pray command me, for I shall do it to the uttermost of my power, if the Lord permit." — pp. 133, 134.

Following these more familiar and personal letters, we have a pretty large collection of news letters, mainly relating to affairs in England, and designed to inform the exiles as to what was passing at home. In many of these letters are curious little details, or bits of gossip, which give great vividness to their pictures of the social, religious, and political condition of England between 1661 and 1679. Two of the letters mention a play in ridicule of the Presbyterians, which was acted in London in October, 1661, before a distinguished company, including, it was said, the Earl of Manchester and three bishops.

"In it," says one of the writers, "were represented two Presbyterians, under the form of Mr. Baxter and Mr. Calamy, whose habit and actions were set forth. Prayers were made in imitation of the Puritan, with such Scripture expressions as I am loath to mention; the matter such as might have been used by any godly man in a right manner. The case of Sion lying in the dust was spread before, &c.; and God's former deliverances of his people urged in such phrases as would amaze you if you heard them, with eyes lifted up to heaven. One representing the Puritan put in the stocks for stealing a pig, and the

stocks found by him unlocked, which he admires at as a wonderful providence and fruit of prayer; upon which he consults about his call, whether he should come forth or not; and at last perceived it was his way, and forth he comes, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and falls to praise and thanksgiving. I cannot tell you all of it, being large; but such as that some present, who were far from liking the Puritan, were greatly astonished, wondering the house did not fall upon their heads." — pp. 177, 178.

The writer adds with a charming simplicity, —

"Plays are greatly frequented by the greatest, but lectures are like to go down."

The same writer says in another letter written in the spring of 1662, —

"Never the like since the first Reformation, for scandalous persons, ignorance, drunkenness, lying, swearing, uncleanness, &c., among the clergy. One being asked where he had lain all this while, answered, among the pots, &c. Dr. Bolton and another of them, in his drink, said he was in heaven, &c. The bishops have set up four lectures in London; but thin congregations, and every one must stand bare. These men are more generally disliked than ever, even by good and bad. They have gathered vast sums, &c. But in the meanwhile trade is exceeding low. The city greatly mistaken in their hopes, &c. Multitudes broke and are undone, &c.; no trading, little or no money stirring, and corn is very dear; and such a gentle winter, that a famine is feared. The city swarms with beggars, &c." — pp. 195, 196.

At a later period, we have similar graphic representations of the wickedness and immorality which prevailed everywhere.

"The multitudes of plays," we read; "the snares of dancing-schools; the frequency of masks; the impudency of sinners and lewd persons of both sexes, — do both increase the sins of the land, and snares of the younger sort. The land is filled with sin." — p. 221.

Two of the letters refer to the memorable debate, in the House of Commons, on a proposal to tax the players; and to the pertinent inquiry of Sir John Coventry, as to the nature of the services rendered by them to his Majesty.

Next in order is a series of letters from John Cotton, of Plymouth, son of the famous minister of Boston. The reputation of the younger Cotton has always been rather under a cloud, in consequence of his having been "excommunicated by his father's church for three aggravated offences," as Mr. Savage phrases it, and many years afterward having been dismissed from his charge at Plymouth "under very unpleasant circumstances;"\* but his letters show him to have been a man of considerable ability, shrewdness, and energy. His peculiar faculty for getting into trouble appears from several of the letters. Thus, referring to Hubbard's "Narrative of the Indian Wars," he writes to Increase Mather, who had probably loaned him a copy:—

"I could have desired to have kept your book a few days longer, whereby it might have been filled with marginal notes of erratas. Our Governor and Magistrates had some cursory perusal of the book: the mistakes are judged to be many more than the truths in it."—p. 232.

By some means this statement came to the ears of Hubbard, who was of course much exercised at finding his accuracy so sweepingly impugned. A second letter from Cotton to Mather tells the result:—

"How it comes to pass," he writes, "that you, my most entire friend, have endangered my loss of my best friends here, besides all that reproach those concerned in the Bay will lay upon me, you will inform me in your next. I went last Wednesday to visit our Governor, who had lately received letters from Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Dudley, informing thus: Mr. Hubbard saith, Mr. John Cotton, one of your preachers, hath written to his brother Increase Mather, that some of your magistrates said there were as many mistakes or untruths in the book as lines. This he had from Mr. Allen and Mr. Thacher, who said he heard the letter read; and one of these ministers advised him to send to the Governor for satisfaction. Mr. Dudley writes sharply and reproachfully to the Governor for what I wrote to you. Our Governor is angry, and sent for the Treasurer the day before, and possessed him as if he were the main man whom I intended. . . . I am at a loss what

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† Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, *sub voce*.

to write at such a distance: my desire is that you would honestly tell me why you trusted J. A., having little reason to expect but that he would make mischief of it. I am certain you intended no harm to me, but if you do not improve your piety and prudence to suppress discourse of this subject, ——." — pp. 234, 235.

Probably this sudden ebullition of anger did not seriously affect the friendly relations of the two brothers, for we soon afterward find Cotton writing in as affectionate a tone as ever, though at the very time he had another quarrel on hand with a brother minister; and at a little later period he writes, —

"I entreat you to return by Mr. William Clarke, who is now at Boston, an answer in writing to my following request, which I affectionately make to you; viz., concerning my cousin Cotton, your son, that he may live here with me this winter. God hath given him grace, and his learning is above what those of his standing have usually attained unto, whence he is able to do good to others; and you know it is recorded as the honor of your blessed father, that at fifteen years old he was called to be a schoolmaster; and why may not his grandson have it put into the records of his life, that before that age he was accounted worthy to be so employed? All the work I would engage him to, should be to be tutor to my John, and Rowland's teacher. He shall be sure, God helping, not only of a comfortable board, free of all charge, but return in March (if so you please), with five pounds of silver in his pocket, though none else should improve him. I doubt not but that many would be glad to improve his help for writing and ciphering, and would give him a good reward for his pains; but I would not urge for more than you see meet at present, only assure you the reward above mentioned shall be faithfully paid for the service desired."\* — pp. 239, 240.

One other short extract from a letter addressed to Increase Mather in 1688, while he was acting as the agent of Massachusetts in England, is all we can add from this part of the volume: —

"My dearest brother, whatever befall you or become of New-England interest, I am assured all will have cause to, and all that fear God

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\* The earliest vote appropriating money for a public school in Plymouth was passed four years before the date of this letter. — See *Plym. Records*, vol. xi. p. 233.



will, acknowledge that you have now hazarded your life for the name of the Lord Jesus, and for the sake of his little despised flock in this wilderness. I do not know, nor did I ever hear, that ever any one man run so great a hazard, attended with such circumstances, for this people as you have done. It will add to your crown in the great day and forever, whatever your trials, conflicts, and censures may be here. The Lord strengthen your heart and hands in his work, and grant you, in this your service, the blessing of Abraham; viz., to be a blessing to this whole land." — pp. 257, 258.

Want of space compels us to pass over unnoticed several interesting or valuable letters from John Higginson of Salem, Thomas Cobbet (sometime minister of Ipswich), John Bishop, Samuel Petto, Joshua Moody, and others; and to come at once to the curious and interesting series of letters from Cotton Mather. Our first extract shall be from a letter written at the time of the witchcraft delusion of 1692, and addressed to John Richards, one of the judges; and we take the greater pleasure in citing this passage, because in many minds Cotton Mather is unjustly identified with the worst excesses of the period.

"I must most humbly beg you," he writes, "that, in the management of the affair in your most worthy hands, you do not lay more stress upon pure spectre testimony than it will bear. When you are satisfied, or have good, plain, legal evidence, that the demons which molest our poor neighbors do indeed represent such and such people to the sufferers, though this be a presumption, yet I suppose you will not reckon it a conviction that the people so represented are witches, to be immediately exterminated. It is very certain that the devils have sometimes represented the shapes of persons, not only innocent, but also very virtuous; though I believe that the just God then ordinarily provides a way for the speedy vindication of the persons thus abused. Moreover, I do suspect that persons who have too much indulged themselves in malignant, envious, malicious ebullitions of their souls, may unhappily expose themselves to the judgment of being represented by devils, of whom they never had any vision, and with whom they have much less written any covenant. I would say this: If, upon the bare supposal of a poor creature's being represented by a spectre, too great a progress be made by the authority in ruining a poor neighbor so represented, it may be that a door may be thereby opened for the devils to obtain from the courts in the invisible world a license to proceed unto most

hideous desolations upon the repute and repose of such as have yet been kept from the great transgression. If mankind have thus far once consented unto the credit of diabolical representations, the door is opened! Perhaps there are wise and good men that may be ready to style him that shall advance this caution a witch advocate; but in the winding up this caution will certainly be wished for." — pp. 392, 393.

Fortunate would it have been for the reputation of Cotton Mather, and for the fair fame of his contemporaries, if he had never written less sensibly on the subject of witchcraft, and if he had always exerted his great influence to moderate, rather than to inflame, the baneful excitement.

Many of his letters are written to John Winthrop, of New London, a distinguished member of the Royal Society, whose purse seems to have been always open when Mather wished to print a new tract or sermon. They relate to matters of science, in which both were largely interested; to new books; English and Colonial news; and numerous other topics. In a letter written in October, 1716, Mather thus mentions the arrival of Governor Shute: —

"We are at last blessed with the arrival of a new Governor, who appears to be of a very easy, candid, gentlemanly temper. Of what principles you shall guess, when you see shortly a sermon which was preached in his audience, by one chosen to entertain him in the pulpit, at his first arrival." — p. 420.

And the next month he returns to the subject: —

"We are blessed with a Governor of incomparable candor and goodness; and I now have the pleasure of entertaining you with the first lecture that entertained him after his arrival." — p. 425.

Winthrop having become involved in some difficulty with his neighbors in Connecticut, his friend writes, recommending to him "a removal unto this capital city of our province. Here you will have the most valuable opportunity of a conversation with friends who love you most affectionately, and whom you love above all the men in the world, and such as will soon make way for your being serviceable, as they have been from whom you are descended. Here you will soon be apprised of

methods and people, whereby your plentiful estate may soon be brought unto improvements that will render it yet much more considerable. Here you will be accommodated with all the enjoyments which a Christian, a gentleman, and a philosopher can wish for. And as you have a singular inclination to see and make me happy, I will add, your coming to this town will be a vast addition to my happiness" (pp. 430, 431). In another letter he writes to the same person: —

"I hope very quickly to transmit unto you, what I remit this winter unto the Royal Society. In the mean time, I have nothing to entertain you withal, but the first compliments which were ever paid in our country to the 5th of November, which, doubtless, will be Whiggish enough to gratify you." — p. 435.

All of the letters to Winthrop show how close was their friendship, and how similar in many respects were their tastes, while they are also among the most characteristic productions of Mather's pen. They show at once his breadth of learning, his tendency to extravagant statement, his vanity, and his inclination to flatter those persons whom he liked. In a word, they are just such letters as we might expect to find the author of the "*Magnalia*" writing.

Among the other men of note from whom we have letters of considerable historical or personal interest, are the Rev. Simon Bradstreet, Governor Dudley, Major John Richards, Samuel Baker, Judge Sewall, Edward Randolph, and Governor Bradstreet; but we must content ourselves with a very few extracts from some of the most characteristic or striking. Cotton Mather had small pretensions to be regarded as a poet, but he occasionally tried his hand at verse-making; and for this, and for an almanac which he published at the age of twenty, he is complimented by the younger Bradstreet in a letter to Increase Mather.

"I received the verses and almanacs you sent," he writes, "and thank yourself and my cousin, your son. I think his verses were in time and tune, and his almanac too; only I must confess I see (though I well know what is said by some) no religion in Hebrew months, nor irreligion in calling a vessel 'Castor and Pollux,' &c." — p. 479.

By the side of this we may venture to place a few lines from a letter of the "famous" Samuel Baker, probably written four or five years afterward:—

"I am glad to see your son so well furnished with evangelical knowledge. I only wish he delivered truths in your style, in that plainness of expression which the gospel teach and most conduce to edification. You have also the spiritual skill of speaking words in season."—p. 514.

The same distinguished man may be quoted as authority for the statement that then, as now, there was a scarcity of young men fit for the ministry.

"I was much pleased," he writes to Increase Mather at the beginning of 1683, "to see the names of those who had commenced in your college, with some of which I have been acquainted. I wish for its future flourishing you had seen your way plain to acceptance of the presidentship. The scarcity of good men in the ministry is much to be bewailed. The education of persons qualified that way, where opportunity serve, is much to be desired and promoted. Here I cannot but subjoin a caution how you in New England entertain strangers, and employ them in preaching work; for I have heard some debauched young men of parts and good education, when become prodigals, have gone thither pretending sobriety, [and] engaged in that work for a subsistence, which a sufficient testimonial might prevent."—p. 510.

One of the letters from Dudley to Increase Mather is so creditable to the writer, that we gladly quote it entire; and we do so with the greater readiness because Dudley's name rests under so great a weight of deserved opprobrium. The Cotton referred to was either the son or nephew of the Plymouth minister.

"A little discourse from yourself," he writes, "and more from others, hath informed me of unkindness and distance grown between yourself and Mr. John Cotton, your kinsman and mine, for which I am deeply sorry, knowing that your resentment and representation thereof will tend to his utter ruin; and for that he is a person of good descent and hopes, and I think of present good improvement, and if God please hereafter may be of much more, I am concerned to intreat your favor for him. I am ignorant of particulars, and would be so, but pray you



on his behalf to consider that what he is and hath of value in him, — which I hope is not a little, — is, under God, of your own making; and it is an argument to be used to good men, as unto God, destroy not the work of your hands. Remember that he is young; and, if he should strive to fly before he is fledged, you may laugh at him, but not suffer him to break his neck. I have written to him to advise a retrenchment of any aversation grown from yourself, and shall further say when opportunity presents. In the mean time, I humbly pray your favor for him and the work in his hands, and which you will not deny for myself, who am, sir, your humble servant.” — p. 482.

It is to be hoped that this manly appeal was successful, for at that time Dudley and Mather were on excellent terms; but every student of our history knows how bitter was the subsequent quarrel between Dudley and the Mathers, and with what sort of confectionery they treated each other.

We have space remaining for only one more extract. It is from a letter of John Westgate to Increase Mather, written from England in the summer of 1677, which we cite not only as showing the opinion entertained by some of the best friends of the Colony in the mother country, but also as indicating the views of a considerable number of persons here.

“Your town,” he writes, “is the seat of justice, from whence laws to other towns proceed. What need have you, therefore, to take heed to make none but wholesome laws, agreeing with the word of truth, such as you may be sure you can answer before God another day? . . . Dear sir, I pray be not offended at my plainness. Your fathers, with much hazard, difficulty, and danger, went to that wilderness (even when it was a mere wilderness) to set up the pure worship of God, and to enjoy the liberty of their consciences: you had need, therefore, to be certain in the knowledge of this one thing, viz., how far liberty of conscience extend, and to what persons, before you go about to execute laws for the suppressing of them. I dare not be an advocate to plead for the cursed generation of Quakers, who have much disturbed the peace of your commonwealth. If they be of the same principle with them amongst us, they neither own the Scriptures of truth, nor Christ’s dying for sinners, but set up a Christ within them. To say no more of them, I look upon their religion here amongst us to be no religion at all, but a heap of confusion: yet, let me tell you, New England suffers much in this country for imprisoning many of them, and feeding them

with bread and water, and not suffering their relations to minister to them; and putting others of them to death. Though I am apt to conclude their offence was more heinous than they make it in their books wherein they reproach you, and that they did not only disturb the churches, but made a breach in the peace of the commonwealth, yet I could heartily wish you had printed a narrative of your proceedings with them, together with the grounds thereof; and also in a due testimony to be borne against them (as your book hints the magistrates would have done), which I conceive is intended by making a law, due care would be taken to have such bounds and limitations, that such as have estates among you, and live peaceably (if any such there be), may not suffer so deeply as the perverse, obstinate ones." — pp. 578, 579.

This is very well put, and much to the point; but Westgate did not know, what those who dwelt on the spot knew, and what we now know, that the principles and the practices of the early Quakers were utterly inconsistent with civil government. Those of them who were not insane or idiotic — and it is impossible to say how many this exception would include — were fit subjects for exemplary punishment. But this whole question of the treatment of the Quakers and the Baptists by our ancestors has recently been discussed so fully and so admirably by Dr. Palfrey in his *History*, that we need not re-open it here. It is enough to say, that, however mistaken our fathers may have been in respect to the wisdom of their policy, no one was punished for speculative errors, and that Quakers and Baptists might both have remained here undisturbed, if they had kept the peace and obeyed the laws. They were sent away or punished for gross and persistent violations of order, morality, and decency, and for scurrilous abuse of the lawful authorities. It was a matter of little importance, except as a breach of good manners, for men to misuse the English language and to put on their hats when others were uncovered; but it was a matter of importance to prevent young women from walking naked into the religious assemblies, and to prevent the interruption of public worship by unseemly cries and absurd antics.

We are aware that these hurried observations, and these scanty extracts, can give but a very inadequate idea of the

great interest of the volume from which we have thus gleaned a little; but our purpose will be fully answered in introducing to the notice of our readers one of the most important of the recent contributions to our historical literature. It will be found a perfect treasury of curious and interesting details in the departments of colonial history and biography.

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ART. V. — MISS CARPENTER'S WORK IN INDIA.

*Six Months in India.* By MARY CARPENTER. London: Longmans.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, the first great reformer of his countrymen in India visited England, and was warmly welcomed by all denominations of Christians. His visit made an indelible impression on many minds, especially at Bristol, where his remains now rest, and really prompted the remarkable visit of an English lady, of the largest experience in philanthropy, to the suffering women of India. During all these years, Miss Mary Carpenter has been gathering ability for this crowning effort of her life. Six years before her brave expedition, another converted Brahmin had visited Bristol; had rekindled her interest in female Hindooism; had compelled her to believe that so long a voyage at so advanced a period of her life would, at any rate, show the earnest sympathy of British women with their suffering sisters in Asia. Nor were there wanting the encouragements of Hindoo gentlemen, and the conviction that her specialty of the reformation of female criminal children would not suffer in her absence, to bid her seek that land where so few of her countrymen go with any other motive than the acquisition of wealth.

Her experimental mission proved a perfect success. Every class welcomed her warmly, from the Governor-General down to the most timid prisoner of the zenana. Private letters, as well as public meetings, show that her visit providentially accorded with a ferment of inquiry on this very subject in India. Every facility was thrown in her way. All institu-

tions, criminal and educational, invited her visit. All persons in authority solicited her advice. The same searching criticism, which was resented in Miss Dix's examination of American prisons, seems to have been thankfully received in Miss Carpenter's criticism of Indian jails. Through all the Presidency towns, and many others, doors that were shut against male visitors flew open at her approach; and no abuse seems to have escaped her notice, nor any perversion of the purpose of imprisonment to have passed without her condemnation. In all the inferior criminal institutions, she had to deplore two abuses, which are not confined by any means to India,—that boys were herded in with hardened old reprobates; and that at night large numbers slept in the same apartment: the result being, as any person familiar with prisons must know, the rapid corruption of young offenders, and the general demoralization of the whole mass of criminals. Miss Carpenter, from her long acquaintance with juvenile reformatories, demanded, first, the removal of the boys from such poisonous association with hopeless villains; second, the entire isolation of every prisoner at night; and, third, the introduction of work and teaching. The subject is far greater than persons at a distance can believe. There are six hundred thousand prisoners in different parts of the empire, confined in buildings unsuitable originally, insecure, unhealthy, unfitted for reformation, provided with no teachers, and necessarily deprived of religious influences. At Ahmedabad, Dr. Wylie stated that the good influence of employment through the day was counteracted entirely by the twelve hours of confinement in masses during the night; so that no youth could enter that large prison without having his fate sealed for life! At Surat, frequently eight convicts occupied the same cell at night; and the wretched women were declared to be so vile, that they could not become any worse. At Poona, forty females were shut up together, without any attempt at their improvement, all sense of shame having been thrown aside. At Alipore jail, one thousand prisoners supported the institution, chiefly by printing; but there was no separation for sleep. In the Calcutta female prison, the crowd was such at one time, that a sixth part died. In the



Calicut jail, forty-eight perished of cholera during one month. The Punjaub Reformatory, when visited by Government, was found to contain some twenty boys guilty of offences as serious as murder, but without work and without instruction; forming, in fact, a hotbed of crime. The "David-Sasson Reformatory," at Bombay, seems to be the only exception to this sickening detail of perverted discipline and neglected duty; and that was for several years unsupported by the Government. The excuse is, that the few English residents are overburdened with work, that an immense space separates one part of India from the other, that there is great difficulty of communication between the principal centres of civilization, and that a severe expense would be encountered even in providing solitary cells at night for so many thousands. But the subject is now engaging the attention of the Government; and Miss Carpenter has laid before the proper officials those steps of reform which the experience of her life amply justifies: 1st, that female prisoners must not be governed by male wardens, and should receive the visits of intelligent ladies; 2d, that there should be schoolmasters on every prison-staff; 3d, that employment must be constant; and, last, that the mingling together at night, which has caused so much sickness, and is perpetuating every moral disease, must be reformed entirely.

But her main work was with her own sex; and in this respect she is the harbinger of a new era. The zenanas, the harems of India, are now thrown open to visits of European ladies; and a hundred and fifty in Lower Bengal receive regular instruction by these female volunteers. Schools are opening for girls, as well as boys, in every village, and in connection with every mission. Educated native gentlemen are painfully alive to the condition of their wives, sisters, and daughters; and steps are taking to relieve widows, and those who have been espoused to deceased persons, from the degradation and privation visited upon Indian widowhood. Polygamy is certainly dying out: only a few persons of the lowest class marry a multitude of wives in order to obtain cheap labor, and public sentiment decidedly condemns the nearly obsolete custom.

One of the prominent miseries of female life in India is, that

the native women are shut out from such occupations as washing and needlework, belonging peculiarly to their sex; while boys are taught embroidery, dressmaking, and knitting. Another serious drawback is the early age at which wives are summoned by their youthful husbands to domestic duties, — frequently before twelve, and just as a desire for useful knowledge is awakening in their minds, and a capacity of making progress manifesting itself. Then, again, at present the country cannot supply female educators; and English women will have to be looked to for help, that their oppressed sisters may break the chain which has rusted into the flesh. The purpose of Miss Carpenter's second voyage this autumn is to introduce into India some of her own sex, who can enter a female training-school as pupils, and at the same time conduct some model schools in the neighborhood.

Our imaginations may exaggerate the destitution far beyond its extent. Miss Carpenter speaks highly of the female schools connected with the missions, and might well have particularized the excellent instruction given by that zealous and untiring missionary, our friend Dall, assisted by two English ladies. Besides the one hundred and fifty private houses visited by regular female teachers in Lower Bengal, Ahmedabad has had the advantage of female schools for fifteen years; about two hundred girls' schools are aided in Bengal, but Inspector Martin says they only average nineteen pupils. A few normal schools have already made a beginning, — one of them containing twenty-five pupils, and one enjoying somewhat the princely munificence of that famous disciple of Zoroaster, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. Twenty-three hundred girls were under instruction in the Bombay Presidency last year; and at a meeting held in London, Aug. 23, 1867, a number of Hindoo and Parsee gentlemen declared, that the prejudice against female education in Bombay was fast yielding to the conviction that the time had now come for decided government action; that there had been a vast increase of female pupils at the Parsee schools; and that the daughters of natives, who a little while ago bitterly opposed this whole movement, now regularly received instruction.

As might have been supposed, the stronghold of idolatry is in the ignorance of the women, their credulity, and adherence to the past. Enlightened men often conform to customs they despise, from regard to the entreaties of a mother or wife; while the very weakness of the uncultivated mind makes it more tenacious of those appendages of religion which it has not detected to be only the outer garment, and not the life of the soul. Working in correspondence with Indian views, carefully abstaining from every thing like proselytism, backed by the irresistible influence of the British Government, who can doubt that these efforts will nurture, at length, a true Christian womanhood in India; that girls will be felt to be quite as capable of education as boys; that, instead of being hung with jewels on their ankles and ears until they can hardly move, their adorning will be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; and that the gracious welcome given by a married Hindoo lady at Surat may be extended to all laborers for female education throughout not India alone, but all Asia? —

To the very benevolent and virtuous woman, Mary Carpenter.

DEAR MOTHER, — A few days ago I learnt from my husband your name and your object in coming here, at such a great distance from your country. I was very anxious to see you. Now that you come here, and take so much pains to better our condition, I, in behalf of these sisters here present, feel very grateful to you. May God grant you long life, and may you continue to exert yourself in this laudable work.

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_

SURAT, Oct. 16, 1866.

Miss Carpenter's statements regarding the Christianization of India need to be weighed: they are wholly incidental. She evidently thinks more of her work, than of the distinct preaching of the gospel. In every other country there is considerable unity of spirit produced by common ideas of civilization, and by unlimited social intercourse; and in Europe people travel from nation to nation, without shocking rudely their peculiar notions. But in India the different religions are actually hostile; and that hostility reaches down to daily intercourse, surrounding every sect with a barrier of sanctity, which the Government has to respect, and which nothing but such

influences as the introduction of travelling by railroad is doing much to surmount. The different castes are necessarily brought together by this immense revolution in Indian locomotion: they involuntarily associate as equals, and are accustomed to see the partition walls broken down, which for ages have stood as high as heaven. So that (as Buckle would say) the great Indian missionary is the locomotive, which deserves the offerings of cocoa-nuts, &c., from the wondering natives, because it is effectually emancipating them from the past, opening before them a future of which they had not dreamed, and summoning India to the highest seat in the Asiatic court of kings.

Paying her tribute of respect to the great reformer of India, to whose memory her book is dedicated, Miss Carpenter laments that, though his personal influence had drawn many intelligent Hindoos around him, he did not succeed in inspiring others with his own elevated views, nor in inducing them to make sacrifices for their promulgation. He had exposed many a national vice, had denounced caste as the root of innumerable evils, had offered his brethren no higher authority than their own sacred books for the abolition of cruel customs, and had proved himself altogether in advance of his country and his times.

A very small number of converts were made. His efforts were not seconded by Christians at home or abroad, as they would be to-day; nor were his "Precepts of Jesus" translated into any Indian tongue except his native Bengali; and his early death in England almost drew down again the dark cloud he seemed born to disperse. Yet Miss Carpenter discovered that he had not lived in vain; that a deep impression had been made on many hearts, and the way prepared for spiritual progress in the future. Only one Hindoo gentleman did she meet who knew the rajah personally; and his father well-nigh suffered excommunication because of his friendship for one who was detested as the abolisher of the infamous suttee. This gentleman, W. H. Chatterjee, is the only survivor of the five boys who composed the first school, gathered by the rajah and Rev. Dr. Duff, for the English education of native youths. Under this influence, too, a scheme was formed for female education in respectable Hindoo families, with the supervision of Dr.



Duff and the personal direction of a Scottish clergyman's wife; but professional engagements called Mr. Chatterjee away, and in his absence his coadjutor was removed by death. The new religious movement of Keshub Chunder Sen, which promises so much, is in this direction; has its missionaries; assembles the native women in prayer-meetings of their own; and is devotedly endeavoring to arouse the spiritual nature of all intelligent Hindoos. Still, though the fact came to her knowledge repeatedly, of many natives rejecting heathenism who have not courage to assume the Christian name, Miss Carpenter looks with most confidence to such mission schools as Mr. Dall has conducted with eminent success for several years, where the foundations of a purer faith are laid in childhood, where Christian virtues are ingrafted and Christian principles established; and where the only certain method is adopted, of preparing for the admission of practical Christianity as the future faith of this great and prosperous empire in years to come.

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#### ART. VI.—CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM IN SOUTH AMERICA.

*Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism.* From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, LL.D., Minister Plenipotentiary from the Argentine Republic to the United States. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Mrs. HORACE MANN. First American, from the third Spanish, edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 400.

MRS. MANN has rendered a valuable service by the skill, fidelity, and patient zeal with which she has brought before the public this very interesting picture of a life so foreign and strange to us, and this record of the heroic labors which have made Colonel Sarmiento, now President elect of the Argentine Republic, the one man worthy and able to guide the destinies of a country whose grandeur of proportion and wealth of natural resources offer to it the noblest possibilities of the future.

The Argentine Republic is that vast, rude quadrangle which

our maps exhibit under the name La Plata, extending west and east from the Andes to the great river La Plata, and from the border of Bolivia, at the edge of the tropics, to Patagonia on the south, about eighteen degrees of latitude. In size, it may be reckoned about a hundred times larger than Massachusetts.\* Its territory includes great waste districts of salt pools and barrenness, some very valuable mining regions, prodigious plains or pampas occupied by rank grass, vast herds of cattle, and a population wandering and barbaric like the Bedouins; and, at its eastern boundary, some of the grandest navigable rivers of the globe. Its political history curiously crosses the condition of revolutionary disorder common to all the Spanish-American republics, with the wild record of the barbaric chieftains of the great central plains. Buenos Ayres, the commercial capital of the country, had been strongly tinged with the culture and the revolutionary ideas of modern Europe; while the great inland regions were divided between the old Spanish bigotry and the rude superstition and violence of the tribes of the Pampas. Somewhere about 1810, the revolutionary party, with some foreign help, had effected their independence of Spain; but, to make their independence secure, had called in the help of the *gaucho* chieftains, who speedily reduced the greater part of the country under their own rude, unmitigated military tyranny. The story of the thirty years on from the revolutionary period is full of that cross-fire of parties, that aimless adventure, that petty personal ambition, that wanton and vindictive struggle, which has made the career of the Spanish-American States so weary and hopeless a thing. It is that wild conflict of barbarism against an encroaching civilization, which is continued at this day under the dictatorship of the younger Lopez in Paraguay, and which necessitates the cruel and obstinate war that has threatened to swallow up all the energies of the young republic.

As a single chapter in the history of revolutions, the narra-

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\* The estimates of different authorities vary from 515,700 to about 1,100,000 square miles of extent, and from less than 900,000 to more than 1,300,000 of population.

tive before us might hardly justify this handsome republication. But as an inside view of the condition of life in a revolutionary period, in so strange a land, and a state of society so foreign, it well deserves our notice. Especially because it is written by a man who was born and brought up among the scenes which he describes; who in his youth bore his valiant part among them, in hot defiance of local tyranny; who, with the finest natural endowment, has gained by noble toil a culture that makes him, in the best sense, a citizen of the world; and who is at this moment on his way to his native land, commissioned with the charge of her political destinies for the six years to come.

The body of the work before us was written by Colonel Sarmiento about twenty years ago, when in honorable exile in Chili, having taken refuge across the mountains from the hopeless tyranny that ruled his native province. His life had been that of a village boy in San Juan, a town of some few thousands of inhabitants, at the foot of the Andes. His parents were both from families of good blood, but fallen fortunes. But while his father seems to have been an unpractical dreamer and enthusiast, whose chief ambition was that his son should be a gentleman, and never handle a spade, his mother seems, along with a deep and somewhat austere Spanish piety, to have combined the energy, thrift, courage, and diligence of our Puritan grandmothers; and her son still keeps sacredly the well-worn shuttle with which she literally wove the web of their humble fortunes. The hot, fearless, and ideal temperament, which was part of his inheritance, brought him into sharp collision with the rude provincial captains; and once or twice his life had nearly been the price of his defiance. In later life, he won his military title by accompanying a force that went from Chili round Cape Horn, to help the better cause at home in the overthrow of Rosas. After a short interval, he was made Chief of the Department of Schools, at his own urgent request; a post created especially at his suggestion, in the province of Buenos Ayres, where he introduced at once the policy by which his name is best known, establishing a system of public schools on the model he had studied abroad;

for while chafing under the disorders and failures of free government in Chili, and in risk of losing every thing by the passionate collision he provoked by his liberty of speech, he had been persuaded to spend a few years in travel, and had traversed Europe, Algeria, and the United States, in eager, intelligent study of what was best in foreign institutions.\* He had prepared himself for this by studies at home, which he followed with characteristic ardor, — paying half his monthly wages as miner, when in Chili, to a teacher of English, and a bounty besides to the watchman who roused him to his books at two in the morning; and atoning for his Sunday's rest at the mine by spending the whole of Saturday night in head-work, which brought with it a fever of the brain, that had nearly cost him his life. Meanwhile, his name was favorably known in Europe, by the striking picture his book presents of the conflict between civilization and barbarism in South America. Unusual diplomatic civilities and literary honors were bestowed on him; so that, when he returned to take part in the patriotic struggle at home, he bore with him the acquaintance and confidence of such men as Humboldt, Guizot, Cobden, and Horace Mann. During his six years' service as minister and senator, he aided still further to secure the fruits of the hard-won peace, by the erection of school-houses on the pampas from the confiscated estate of Rosas; by reclaiming for cultivation the large and fertile islands at the mouth of the Paraná; and by surveying and laying out what has since become a flourishing inland town, connected with the capital by a line of railway: and afterwards, as governor of his native province of San Juan, he formed, in the sumptuous "Sarmiento School," the nucleus of a South-American University.

It was while governor of San Juan, about six years ago, that he was overruled by his government on the point of the military execution of a party of bandits that had been captured; and, foreseeing the mischief that would result from a weakness

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\* See an octavo volume of 327 pages, published by him in New York, in 1866, entitled "*Las Escuelas, Base de la Prosperidad i de la Republica en los Estados Unidos.*" A thousand copies of this work were sent to Buenos Ayres for distribution, but nearly all were destroyed by fire.



he could not prevent, he accepted the post of Minister to the United States, where he has remained until now that he is recalled as president elect of the struggling republic. We subjoin Mrs. Mann's striking outline of a portion of his public service: —

“When sixteen years old, he had quitted the management of a prosperous establishment, to join an army which took the field against Facundo Quiroga. In 1842 [at the age of thirty-one], he gave up the high position won in Chili by his writings, to attach himself to another Argentine army. [It was at this time that his volunteer force had nearly perished in the snows of the Andes.] In 1851, he did the same [leading his expedition round Cape Horn], to join the final war against Rosas. After being disappointed in the ability and disposition of General Urquiza, the commander of the expedition against Rosas, to give a settled or a better government, he alone of all his countrymen withdrew entirely from the scene of operations, in order neither to countenance by his presence the evil rule he foresaw, nor to attempt a forcible resistance to it. . . . From Chili he went to Peru. During his stay in Lima he was invited by the plenipotentiaries sent to the South-American Congress, to which he had never been accredited by his government, to take part in its deliberations, and give it the benefit of his knowledge. He assisted in drawing up the treaties of alliance agreed to by the accredited plenipotentiaries, and did much to couch the alliance in such terms as would least impair the sovereignty of each State.” — pp. 386–388.

From the brilliant and unique picture of the strange life and wild adventurers of the pampas, which is drawn in these pages, we can copy only a few lines; and they shall be those which illustrate the training and habit that have produced the breed of *gaucho* chiefs, — barbarian leaders in the struggle against the rule and culture of the commercial towns.

“These men, Spaniards only in their language and in the confused religious notions preserved among them, must be seen, before a right estimate can be made of the indomitable and haughty character which grows out of this struggle of isolated man with untamed nature, of the rational being with the brute. It is necessary to see their visages bristling with beards, their countenances as grave and serious as those of the Arabs of Asia, to appreciate the pitying scorn with which they look upon the sedentary denizen of the city, who may have read many

books, but who cannot overthrow and slay a fierce bull ; who could not provide himself with a horse from the pampas ; who has never met a tiger alone, and received him with a dagger in one hand and a poncho rolled up in the other, to be thrust into the animal's mouth while he transfixes his heart with his dagger." — p. 21.

"The gaucho does not labor : he finds his food and raiment ready to his hand. If he is a proprietor, his own flocks yield him both ; if he possesses nothing himself, he finds them in the house of a patron or a relation. The necessary care of the herds is reduced to excursions and pleasure-parties ; the branding, which is like the harvesting of farmers, is a festival, the arrival of which is received with transports of joy, being the occasion for the assembling of all the men for twenty leagues around, and the opportunity for displaying incredible skill with the lasso. The gaucho arrives at the spot on his best steed, riding at a slow and measured pace ; he halts at a little distance, and puts his leg over his horse's neck, to enjoy the sight leisurely. If enthusiasm seizes him, he slowly dismounts, uncoils his lasso, and flings it at some bull, passing like a flash of lightning forty paces from him ; he catches him by one hoof, as he intended ; and quietly coils his leather cord again." — p. 23.

"Imagine an expanse of two thousand square leagues, inhabited throughout, but where the dwellings are usually four or even eight leagues apart, and two leagues at least separate the nearest neighbors. . . . Inevitable privations justify natural indolence ; a dearth of all the amenities of life induces all the externals of barbarism. Society has altogether disappeared. There is but the isolated, self-concentrated feudal family. . . . I once witnessed a scene of rural life worthy of the primitive ages of the world which preceded the institution of the priesthood. In 1838, I happened to be in the Sierra de San Luis, at the house of a proprietor whose two favorite occupations were saying prayers and gambling. He had built a chapel where he used to pray through the rosary on Sunday afternoons, to supply the want of a priest, and of the public divine service of which the place had been destitute for many years. It was a Homeric picture : the sun declining to the west ; the sheep returning to the fold, and rending the air with their confused bleatings ; the service conducted by the master of the house, a man of sixty, with a noble countenance, in which the pure European race was evident in the white skin, blue eyes, and wide and open forehead ; while the responses were made by a dozen women and some young men, whose imperfectly broken horses were fastened near the door of the chapel. After finishing the rosary, he fervently offered up

his own petitions. I never heard a voice fuller of pious feeling, nor a prayer of purer warmth, of firmer faith, of greater beauty, or better adapted to the circumstances, than that which he uttered. In this prayer he besought God to grant rain for the fields, fruitfulness for the herds and flocks, peace for the republic, and safety for all wayfarers. I readily shed tears, and wept even with sobs; for the religious sentiment had been awakened in my soul to intensity, and like an unknown sensation, for I never witnessed a more religious scene. I seemed to be living in the times of Abraham, in his presence, in that of God, and of the nature which reveals him. The voice of that sincere and pure-minded man made all my nerves vibrate, and penetrated to my inmost soul." — pp. 15-19.

Among the sketches given of the types of character bred in the grassy wildernesses of the South, we find none more curious than that of the *Rastreador*, or track-finder, — a class of men who appear to add to the sagacious instinct of the native Indian the keen, trained, and resolute intelligence of more civilized races: —

"I once happened to turn out of a by-way into a Buenos-Ayres road, and my guide, following the usual practice, cast a look at the ground. 'There was a very nice little Moorish mule in that train,' said he directly. 'D. N. Zapata's it was: she is good for the saddle, and it is very plain she was saddled this time; they went by yesterday.' The man was travelling from the Sierra de San Luis while the train had passed on its way from Buenos Ayres, and it was a year since he had seen the Moorish mule, whose track was mixed up with those of a whole train in a path two feet wide. . . . A theft has been committed during the night; no one knows any thing of it; the victims of it hasten to look for one of the robber's footprints, and on finding it they cover it with something to keep the wind from disturbing it. They then send for the *Rastreador*, who detects the track and follows it; only occasionally looking at the ground, as if his eyes saw in full relief the footsteps invisible to others. He follows the course of the streets, crosses gardens, enters a house, and, pointing to a man whom he finds there, says, coldly, 'That is he.' The crime is proved, and the criminal seldom denies the charge. In his estimation, even more than in that of the judge, the *Rastreador's* deposition is a positive demonstration: it would be ridiculous and absurd to dispute. The culprit accordingly yields to a witness whom he regards as the finger of God pointing him out. I have

had some acquaintance myself with Calibar, who has practised his profession for forty consecutive years in one province. He is now about eighty years old, and of venerable and dignified appearance, though bowed down by age. . . . The story is, that his best horse-trappings were once stolen while he was absent on a journey to Buenos Ayres. His wife covered one of the thief's footprints with a tray. Two months afterwards, Calibar returned, looked at the footprint, which by that time had become blurred, and could not have been made out by other eyes; after which he spoke no more of the circumstance. A year and a half later, Calibar might have been seen walking through a street in the outskirts of the town, with his eyes on the ground. He turned into a house, where he found his trappings, by that time blackened by use, and nearly worn out. He had come upon the trail of the thief nearly two years after the robbery." — pp. 32-34.

The path-finder, or guide (*baqueano*), the gaucho outlaw, and the minstrel (*cantor*) afford types almost as interesting and strange. It appears to be a mixed breed, an almost complete amalgamation of Spanish, American, and negro, — a race "characterized by love of idleness and incapacity of industry, except when education and the exigencies of a social position succeed in spurring it out of its customary pace." We have not to wonder, either at the indolent contempt with which they look on the refinement and culture they have no ambition to share; or at the obstinate, fierce, and formidable struggle they have kept up with the civilization which was the natural enemy of their way of life; or at the desolation of their political life by those party and local feuds, which seem to have been the doom alike of all the Spanish-American republics.

The intractable temper of the gaucho chiefs — and the need, too, of that temper to keep any predominance among the restless population — is well seen in what is said of those half-nomadic, half-trading caravans, which make the long journey between the mountains and the sea, over wide, grassy plains, that can only be traversed, like the desert, by parties armed for self-defence: —

"The head of each party is a military leader, like the chief of an Asiatic caravan. This position can be filled only by a man of iron will, and daring to the verge of rashness, that he may hold in check the



audacity and turbulence of the land-pirates who are to be directed and ruled by himself alone, for no help can be summoned in the desert. On the least symptom of insubordination, the captain raises his iron *chicote*, and delivers upon the mutineer blows which make contusions and wounds. If the resistance is prolonged, before resorting to his pistols, the help of which he generally scorns, he leaps from his horse, grasps his formidable knife, and quickly re-establishes authority by his superior skill in handling it. If any one loses his life under such discipline, the leader is not answerable for the assassination, which is regarded as an exercise of legitimate authority." — p. 9.

When one of these leaders, by dint of native ability, rises to be a political leader or military chief, in stormy times of revolution, we may easily conjecture, perhaps, what is likely to be the nature of his rule. The book before us has the particular merit of giving an inside view of the condition of things which has made that state of chronic revolution possible; and of presenting a picture, drawn at first hand, of such a chief, eminent among all the rest by a natural force of mind approaching genius in its kind, with a wayward, remorseless rule, that made him a marked type of that class of men who would be criminals or outlaws in a settled state, but become formidable tyrants in a time of lawlessness and change.

"Facundo Quiroga was a stoutly built man of low stature, whose short neck and broad shoulders supported a well-shaped head, covered with a profusion of black and closely curling hair. His somewhat oval face was half-buried in this mass of hair, and an equally thick, black, curly beard, rising to his cheek-bones, which, by their prominence, evinced a firm and tenacious will. His black and fiery eyes, shadowed by thick eyebrows, occasioned an involuntary sense of terror in those on whom they chanced to fall; for Facundo's glance was never direct, whether from habit or intention. With the design of making himself always formidable, he always kept his head bent down, to look at one from under his eyebrows, — like the Ali Pacha of Monovoisin. . . . His features were regular, and the pale olive of his complexion harmonized well with the dense shadows which surrounded it. . . . Such natures develop according to the society in which they originate; and are either noble leaders who hold the highest place in history, ever forwarding the prog-

ress of civilization, or the cruel and vicious tyrants, who become the scourges of their race and time." — pp. 76, 77.

"An illiterate man — one of Quiroga's companions in childhood and youth — sends the following curious statements, in a manuscript describing his early years: 'His public career was not preceded by the practice of theft: he never committed robbery, even in his most pressing necessities. He was not only fond of fighting, but would pay for an opportunity, or for a chance to insult the most renowned champion in any company. He had a great aversion to respectable men. He never drank. He was very reserved from his youth, and desired to inspire others with awe, as well as with fear; for which purpose he gave his confidants to understand that he had the gift of prophecy, — in short, was a soothsayer. He treated all connected with him as slaves. *He never went to confession, prayed, or heard mass.* I saw him once at mass after he became a general. He said of himself, that he believed in nothing.' The frankness with which those words are written proves their truth." — pp. 86, 87.

"Facundo is a type of primitive barbarism. He recognized no form of subjection. His rage was that of a wild beast. The locks of crisp, black hair, which fell in meshes over his brow and eyes, resembled the snakes of Medusa's head. Anger made him hoarse, and turned his glances into dragons. In a fit of passion, he kicked out the brains of a man with whom he had quarrelled at play. He tore off both the ears of a woman he had lived with and promised to marry, upon her asking him for thirty dollars for the celebration of the wedding; and laid open his son John's head with an axe, because he could not make him hold his tongue. . . . Incapable of commanding noble admiration, he delighted in exciting fear; and this pleasure was exclusive and dominant with him, to the arranging of all his actions so as to produce terror in those around him, whether it was society in general, the victim on his way to execution, or his own wife and children." — p. 88.

This man of evil passions and evil destiny had enlisted in 1810 in the army of independence; he perished by assassination in 1835, — the victim of private jealousy and revenge, not in expiation of his public crimes. His career as freebooting chief, a tyrant of the pampas and the interior towns, had left whole districts desolate and wild, a prey to beasts of the field, and lapsing to the condition of a wilderness. And, still

further, in these five-and-twenty years, the temper of a whole population had grown wild and lawless: so that, when the misery and weariness of the strife had brought the necessary re-action, there was left a wide realm of barbarism to be civilized and subdued by such energies as might be employed; and the very geographical largeness of the republic, and its wealth of natural resources, made the principal difficulty with which its civilizers had to contend. Even if the Spanish towns had been possessed of the wisdom and energy that ruled our pilgrim colonies, the wild breadth of the pampa made a more fatal obstacle than the friendly constraint of the forest, and the wholesome dread of savage tribes, on the New-England coast.

No nobler work, and none more requiring a certain heroic courage of faith, falls to the lot of common men, than to confront such barbarism with the forces of an enlightened and high civilization. It is the work to which the author of this book has felt himself called in a peculiar sense; and the plain, common-sense — we were going to say common-place — agencies on which he relies to do it, are as striking as the resolution with which he applies them. There is something almost pathetic in the constancy with which the leaders of younger states than ours look to the glory, intelligence, and strength of this republic; and through all the corruptions of our politics, and rending of our factions, and storms of our civil war, have found their hope and model here. It is especially our system of public education — so faulty, yet so capable of the best things — that Mr. Sarmiento has made his study. His correspondence with our government, and especially with Mr. Sumner, as chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, has turned again and again upon this matter; and to him the Bureau of Education, whose laborious services are only beginning to be understood, is a department not inferior in grandeur and importance to any other. Some of the most striking passages of his own biography are found in the accounts, still unpublished, of the shrewd and determined diplomacy by which he succeeded in getting the first appropriations from his own government for a system of public

schools. One of the hopeful things, in the present unsettled and critical condition of the Argentine Republic, is the very considerable foreign population—intelligent Germans, English, and Americans—who have made a home there. Foreign blood and ideas and institutions may do something to develop the nobler capability that has been hidden under the sloth, degeneracy, and barbarism of that splendid region. And if its better possibilities are ever realized, it will be due to none more truly than to this enlightened author and devoted patriot.

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ART. VII. — DAVIDSON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

*An Introduction to the Study of the New Testament, Critical, Exegetical, and Theological.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1868.

THOSE who preside at the mysteries, says Plato, in the *Phædo*, have a proverb: "The wand-bearers are many, but few are inspired." Of the many wand-bearers in New-Testament criticism, it is safe to say that only a small minority can lead those who attempt to follow them, by any well-defined path, or to any fixed goal. It is indeed quite possible—and the failures of this and that school of critics seem to make it probable—that the fault is not wholly with the guides. There are whole regions of forest wherein the most skilful woodsman loses his way. The patient follower, inexperienced in threading the mazes of swamps and thickets and devious streams, finds that his "*road*" is only a hidden path, whose direction is marked on the trees by notches that time has well-nigh obliterated, and whose course is often crossed by perplexing by-ways, coming no one knows whence, and leading no one knows whither. He discovers, too, that many of the ancient landmarks have from time to time been removed,—here a bridge, that once spanned a brook or river (a log athwart the stream), has disappeared; while there a newly



fallen tree invites him to cross, only to lure his unwary feet into some freshly made track, which ends at last in the pathless woods.

That Dr. Davidson is, on the whole, a wiser, more experienced, and so a safer, guide than many who have preceded him in these difficult ways of New-Testament criticism, will, we think, appear to every fair-minded and unprejudiced reader of his new Introduction. A work which is warmly commended in such opposite quarters as the "Contemporary Review" and the "Westminster," may properly be called a valuable addition to the literature of Biblical criticism. To go farther than this,—to say that Dr. Davidson has cleared up all the difficulties which he has discussed, or has gained for historical science very extensive conquests from the regions of conjecture and probability,—would be to concede greater wisdom in the guide, and fewer perplexities in the way, than the facts allow.

The qualifications which Dr. Davidson brings to his task are, first, a critical judgment, generally impartial, and, up to a certain point, well trained; secondly, a wide, if not comprehensive, knowledge of the labors of others, especially of the ablest German critics of every school; and, thirdly, the experience which has come from a long period of study and authorship in Biblical criticism and hermeneutics.

"It takes *twenty* years," Faraday used to say, "to make a man in science; the previous period being one of infancy." Dr. Davidson's first "Introduction to the New Testament" appeared in 1848. The positions held in that book were, in the main, orthodox; and the arrows which were frequently shot into the camps of the rationalists and mythists were well-dipped in the *odium theologicum* of that period. Thus, Baur's hypothesis, that the fourth Gospel originated in the second century, on Hellenistic ground, was dismissed with the somewhat arrogant remark, that "those who can believe all this with Baur and his school, have renounced all claim to genuine historical criticism, by abandoning themselves to a reckless caprice, where calmness of investigation and unbiassed love of truth are entirely wanting." The calmness

and thoroughness of Dr. Davidson's own investigations at this period may be inferred from his quoting, with great apparent zest, a fling at the rationalists from a volume entitled, "The New Testament, with brief Explanatory Notes. By J. and J. S. C. Abbott"!

The differences between the conclusions of the present Introduction and that of twenty years ago, are radical and sweeping. In the earlier work, the books of the New Testament were discussed in the order in which they appear in our Common Version. In the present volumes, a chronological order is followed, beginning with the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians and ending with the Second Epistle of Peter. Originally, the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, with which the new Introduction opens, was declared to have been written A.D. 53 or 54, "very soon after the first, and not before it, as Grotius *imagined*." Now, Dr. Davidson maintains that the second epistle preceded the first, was written about A.D. 52, and is therefore "the earliest of Paul's epistles extant."

A more radical change of opinion is seen in the incidental discussion of the doctrine of the resurrection in the chapter on the First Epistle to the Corinthians. In the earlier work he had written of the famous fifteenth chapter of this epistle: "In this division, the *essential connections* of the doctrine of the resurrection with the leading tenets of the gospel are pointed out." In the work before us, on the other hand, he says (vol. i. pp. 63, 64), "Paul's reasoning (in this chapter) is of the passionate, ardent kind, so conspicuous in the Epistle to the Romans, in which the heart controls the head. *Whatever be thought of its conclusiveness*, it has its value to the Christian of every age; teaching him that intensity of conviction, accompanied by supreme love to God and man, ennobles its subject." The plain implication of this last sentence is, of course, the *denial* of any "essential connections between the doctrine of the resurrection and the leading tenets of the gospel."

But the most marked difference between the critical conclusions of the earlier and the present volumes, is to be found

in the treatment of the date and authorship of the Gospels. Not only did Dr. Davidson at first defend the authenticity and genuineness of all the four Gospels, but the views of those critics who maintained the late origin and consequent unapostolicity of these books, were dismissed as being wholly unfounded and overwhelmingly refuted both by external and internal evidence. How decided a change of opinion Dr. Davidson's later studies have wrought, is seen at a single glance at his present Introduction, in which he maintains the unguineness and unauthenticity of all the Gospels, assigning Matthew to about A.D. 100, Luke to about 115, Mark to 120, and John to 150. In a brief introductory chapter on the "Mutual Relation of the Gospels with each other," he defends the position, that earlier Gospels were used in the compilation of the later ones; the later evangelists employing also, though not to any considerable extent, other written sources, and oral tradition. The Aramaic oracles, the "Logia," of Matthew, he holds to have been the earliest Gospel, — not the original, but only the foundation, of the Greek Matthew of the canon; Mark copied from Matthew and Luke, while Luke used either Matthew or a document which the first evangelist also employed.

The arguments by which, in his subsequent discussion of the separate Gospels, Dr. Davidson supports these positions, are very clearly and forcibly presented. Especially strong seems to us his defence of Griesbach's hypothesis concerning Mark; viz., that this Gospel was taken from Matthew and Luke, mostly by abridgment, but in part by combination.\* Some of the very arguments which have been employed by Lachmann, Meyer, Ewald, and Holtzmann to support the theory that Mark was the primitive Gospel, — the *Ur-Evangelium*, — Dr. Davidson turns against this hypothesis.

Thus the brevity of Mark, which sometimes amounts even to obscurity, is shown to have resulted, in many cases at least, from a careless abridgment of the accounts in the

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\* Vol. ii. p. 90 seq. Davidson differs from Griesbach in admitting, as a third source of the canonical Mark, the *Petrine document* referred to by Papias.

other two Synoptics; and not, as has been supposed, from the necessary incompleteness of an earlier writing. Again, the "pictorial amplifications" in certain parts of the narrative, which some critics have regarded as a proof that the writer's facts were obtained at first hand from original sources, Davidson accounts for more naturally, by assigning to the mannerism, the "subjectivity," of the evangelist. They present us the details, not of the photographer, but of the finishing artist. We may trace fresh coloring; but native simplicity is wanting.

Throughout his discussion of the external evidence for the authorship of the Gospels, Dr. Davidson aims not to set aside, in any instance, the actual testimony of the Fathers; but carefully to weigh the evidence that is presented, find out its precise value, and then estimate its bearing on the question at issue, as that of *one*, often the weakest, class of the witnesses in the case. This judicial fairness of Dr. Davidson is particularly to be observed in his elaborate and exhaustive inquiry into the genuineness of the fourth Gospel. The external evidence is considered at even greater length than the internal; and every argument which has been urged by the defenders of the genuineness critically analyzed.

The decision of this important question concerning the authorship of the fourth Gospel, depends, it seems to us, quite as much upon the impartiality, as upon the learning, of the critics who handle it. The case is precisely like that of a suit at law, where numerous witnesses are to be examined, and where the verdict will be determined, not by the admission or rejection of any single piece of evidence, however important such evidence may seem to be, but by the general tenor of the testimony, *the rulings of the judge*, and the impression which, on the whole, one side or the other leaves upon the mind. Taking this view of the controversy, we have found it a most delightful and refreshing change, to turn from Tischendorf's haughty, dictatorial, and not infrequently wilful presentation of the evidence in John's case,\*

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\* Origin of the Four Gospels. By CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF. Translated by WILLIAM L. GAGE. Boston: American Tract Society.



to the calm, unimpassioned, and judicial examination of the witnesses by Dr. Davidson. It is the difference not only between the advocate and the judge, but between the often intemperate advocate and the always calm and sober judge.

Thus, for example, the disputed question of the authenticity of the "Epistles of Ignatius" is summarily dismissed by Tischendorf in the words, "*We claim the right* of holding to the authenticity of the seven Epistles." Dr. Davidson's ruling on this point is given in quite another tone: "The authenticity of the seven Epistles cannot be proved by another unauthentic epistle, and Eusebius is certainly untrustworthy in many respects." Again, in considering the testimony of Justin Martyr to the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel, Tischendorf, after declaring that his opponents are "*all the more obstinate* in the assertion that Justin had no acquaintance with John," brings forward a few words and phrases common to Justin and the Gospel, and closes the examination of this important witness by asserting (what he has not even attempted before to prove) that "*the doctrines* of John may be culled from the *words* of Justin." Davidson, on the other hand, devotes several pages to a careful proof of the positions which he has taken; viz., that the resemblances of language in Justin and the Gospel never amount to coincidences; and that numerous passages in Justin show that, had he known the fourth Gospel, he would have quoted from it unmistakably and often.

The bearing of the Paschal controversy upon the authorship of the Gospel is discussed at considerable length, and with great clearness, by Dr. Davidson, — the precise point at issue being kept constantly in view. After a patient examination of the cloud of witnesses (we had almost said the cloudy witnesses), Dr. Davidson concludes, not only that "there is an irreconcilable difference between the Synoptists and the fourth Gospel, in respect to the day on which Jesus was crucified," but also that the discrepancy between the Quartodeciman custom and the fourth Gospel must remain, the apostle John having followed the former.

As to the use of the fourth Gospel by Basilides and Valen-

tinus, Dr. Davidson puts the question to a crucial test, by showing that whenever Hippolytus introduces a Basilidian or Valentinian doctrine, he employs the vague expression, "*he says*;" which, as thus used, evidently refers, not to Basilides or Valentinus, but to any one of their disciples, to the author of a Basilidian or Valentinian writing. That the force of this argument is felt even by Tischendorf, is evident from his contemptuous inquiry, "Who is *wise enough* to discriminate between what the master said and what the disciples added?" \*

But we need not follow Dr. Davidson any farther in his admirably clear and impartial discussion of this disputed question as to the authorship of the fourth Gospel. The conclusion which he reaches, that the Gospel is not genuine history, but "conscious fiction," is startling enough to the uncritical reader, but is the opinion towards which modern criticism has been slowly but surely tending. The "scientific array of arguments," which the translator of Uhlhorn's Discourses would have us acknowledge in that writer's very summary and inadequate treatment of this, as of every other, question of New-Testament criticism, will be found rather on the side of those who deny the genuineness of the Gospel of John; in the clear and discriminating essay of James Martineau,† the more elaborate discussion in the recent work by J. J. Tayler,‡ and the judicial presentation of the whole controversy in this new Introduction of Dr. Davidson. In what way this denial of the apostolical authorship of the fourth Gospel affects the critic's estimate of the value of the book itself, and his views of the "foundations of the Christian religion," may be inferred from the following passages, with which Dr. Davidson closes his discussion:—

"There is a way of looking at these conscious fictions which does great injustice to their authors, and is equally foreign to the Oriental mind. They were usual both before and after Christ's coming. The

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\* Origin of the Four Gospels, p. 86.

† National Review, November, 1864.

‡ An Attempt to Ascertain the Character of the Fourth Gospel.

Books of Daniel and Ecclesiastes are examples. Jewish and Christian Apocalyptic literature presents many specimens. The Clementine Homilies, the Book of Enoch, and others, are similar. The motives of the writers were good. No deliberate fraud was meditated,—at least, in our sense of the word. It was a common practice to put forth a work under the cover of a well-known name, to procure its readier acceptance. . . .

“It should also be observed, that the authors had no idea of the use that would be made of their compositions by a rigid separation of them into canonical and uncanonical,—the former to be taken as an infallible standard of faith, the latter not. Neither apostles nor evangelists wrote as conscious organs of a dictating or superintending Spirit; nor did they suppose themselves so far elevated above other spiritual men, as to claim for their writings a divine authority. They wrote in the interests of truth, *and as they thought they might best promote it.* . . .

“The fourth Gospel would certainly have greater authority if it had been written by an apostle and eye-witness. . . . Yet this great unknown, in departing from apostolic tradition, teaches us to rise above it. He has seized the spirit of Christ better than any apostle; and if, like him, we ascend through their material setting to ideas which bring us into close contact with the divine ideal of purity to mankind, we shall have a faith superior to that which rests in the visible and miraculous.”—Vol. ii. pp. 448, 449.

Passing from the Gospels to the Book of Acts, we find that Dr. Davidson adopts in the main the conclusions of Zeller, and decides that the history in this book is but partially authentic.

“Tested by Paul’s own epistles, and other portions of the New Testament, the Book of Acts fails to present valid evidence of universal credibility. . . . The object of the writer was conciliatory. He had two parties in view, Jewish and Gentile Christians, which he wished to bring nearer to one another. In the interest of that object he moulds the history.”

Here, again, we have a startling conclusion in respect to a canonical book of the New Testament, which has furnished the principal facts for the history of the planting and training of the early Christian Church. But the verdict of historical criticism, if valid, is final. The unguineness of the

Acts unsettles many long-accepted theories; but it confirms a view of the life and character of St. Paul, which is far more acceptable to the Christian student than that which is necessarily implied in the opposite theory of Paley and his school. For it exalts to greater dignity and independence of soul this eminent apostle, whose words and deeds, as narrated in the Acts, are in many particulars so unworthy the Paul of the Epistles and of authentic history. In the words of Dr. Davidson, —

“It makes St. Paul less of a Jew, less temporizing, more occupied with one great idea, — the adaptation of Christianity to all men, by its inculcation of justifying faith without the deeds of the law.”

Dr. Davidson's chapters on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse, are especially marked by accurate learning and critical acumen. We have been much interested in comparing the arguments and conclusions of these chapters with those of the late Dr. Noyes respecting the same books.\* In some particulars, the reasonings of these two eminent critics are identical; while on other points, even where the same premises are admitted, opposite conclusions are reached.

Thus, Dr. Noyes urges the same line of argument employed by Davidson for assigning the authorship of the Hebrews to Apollos, and to a date not long before A.D. 70. Internal evidence convinces Dr. Davidson, that, while the thoughts may be admitted to be Paul's, the composition and language are another's. Dr. Noyes's opinion on this point is, that “there is no essential difference between the dogmatic views of Paul and those of the author of Hebrews. There is, however, a difference in the estimation which they put on certain points, and the manner in which they present Christianity to the mind.” With regard to the persons to whom the epistle was addressed, Davidson holds that the probability is in favor of the Jewish Christians at Alexandria; while Dr. Noyes thinks “it was most likely addressed

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\* Our quotations from Dr. Noyes are from notes of his lectures on some of the books of the New Testament.



to the Jewish Christians in Palestine, since apostasy from Christianity was most common there, *although found elsewhere as well.*"

In discussing the authorship of the Apocalypse, both Davidson and Dr. Noyes argue from the axiom laid down by De Wette, that the author of the fourth Gospel could not have been the author of the Revelation. Both also assign a high value to the external evidence in favor of the Johannine authorship of the Apocalypse: Davidson affirming that "the decided weight of external evidence is in favor of its apostolical authorship;" while Dr. Noyes declares that "the external testimony is as strong for the Johannine authorship of the Apocalypse, as for the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel." Yet the conclusion of the English critic is, that John was, that of the American scholar that he was *not*, the author of the Apocalypse. In the opinion of Dr. Noyes, the external testimony is outweighed by internal evidence which points to some Jewish Christian, not an apostle, who wrote in the reign of the Emperor Galba. As one argument in support of this view, Dr. Noyes urges that "the style of the Apocalypse indicates the educated man." Davidson, on the other hand, finds abundant signs of the unlearned apostle (see Acts iv. 13) in "the anomalies, uncorrectnesses, peculiar constructions, and awkward dispositions of words."

The conclusion of Dr. Noyes, that John was not the author of the Revelation, seems to us to be fully established by a comparison of all the evidence in the case. Davidson appears to have examined this question too much with reference to its supposed bearings on the authenticity of the fourth Gospel. His able and well-sustained argument against the apostolicity of the Gospel is not, however, weakened in the least by the unauthenticity of the Apocalypse. All the marked differences between the two books, both in thought and style, which no one has more thoroughly analyzed than Dr. Davidson, remain precisely as if the apostle, and not some unknown writer, were proved to be the author of the Revelation. They show that the two writings must have come from opposite

sources; and since the Apocalypse evidently originated at a comparatively early date and on Jewish ground, we are compelled, by the utter dissimilarity between its thoughts and its language and those of the Gospel, to assign the latter to Hellenistic soil, and to the far-subsequent date of a profounder transformation and more spiritualized conception of "primitive Christianity."

In these general and discursive remarks upon the new Introduction of Dr. Davidson, we have not attempted to subject these volumes to a critical review, but only to indicate their scope and character, and the spirit and method of their discussions. The readers of the author's Introduction to the Old Testament will find a decided improvement in the style of the present work. It is less combative and apologetical, burdened with fewer digressions and general disquisitions. Usually careful and discriminating in his judgment of facts, Dr. Davidson is not always a trustworthy guide through the regions of conjecture and probability. He sees clearly where others have pointed the way, but is deficient in that insight which can see by its own light when the straight way is lost.

His "Introduction to the New Testament" deserves a speedy republication in our own country, and a wide circulation among all who wish to know what the Christian Scriptures are, and what they are not. That constructive criticism of the New-Testament writings which our liberal theologians frequently praise, but never attempt, has been made by Dr. Davidson the object and aim of long years of study and investigation. The fruits of this study are given in the volumes before us, which are the only Introduction to the New Testament, in English, that even claims to present the results of the best modern criticism.

That Dr. Davidson's constructive work is mainly a work of *reconstruction*, so far from detracting from its value, is its chief and eminent merit. The efforts of those who try to build up again the old defences of Paley and Lardner and Norton, form the really destructive criticism which liberal and rational Christianity has now to fear. Such critics as

Kuenen and Scholten in Holland, Reuss and Nicolas in France, J. J. Tayler and Davidson in England, and our own lamented Dr. Noyes, are the true defenders of the faith, because the faithful and fearless defenders of the truth.

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ART. VIII. — SERVIA.

*The History of Servia and the Servian Revolution.* With a Sketch of the Insurrection in Bosnia. By LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated from the German by Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR. To which is added, *The Slave Provinces of Turkey*; chiefly from the French of CYPRIEN ROBERT. London: Henry G. Bohn, 1853. pp. xvi. and 520.

*Servia and the Servians.* By the Rev. W. DENTON, M.A. London: Bell & Daldy, 1862. pp. xii. and 294.

*Quarterly Review for January, 1865.* Article, "Servia."

A FEW years since, we were accustomed to regard the age in which we lived as one essentially prosaic. The startling incidents, the wild crimes, and the virtues almost as wild, that had given the interest of romance to former times, had passed away. The occupations of men were industrial, not military; their object not fame, but money; the prevalent crime not oppression nor robbery, but "tame cheating;" the most needful virtue not chivalrous valor, but simple honesty. But "the world becomes old, and again is young." Romance and chivalry are not dead. Past forms of evil return to shock the refinement of an age that was thought to have outgrown them; and the old, strong-handed virtues come to light again, as occasion calls them forth. This we learned from the sad, yet not useless, experience of our civil war; we may read the same truth in the history of many another nation, and among them in that of the "youngest member of the European family," — the principality between the boundaries of Austria and Turkey.

The parallel between our great republic and the little state of Servia is, indeed, marked by one sad point of resemblance.

On the 14th of April, 1865, the President of the United States was struck down by the bullet of an assassin. On the 10th of June, 1868, the Prince of Servia perished by a similar fate. The distance and comparative obscurity of the scene where the latter crime was committed have prevented it from making an impression on the public mind in this country, or even in France or England, comparable to that produced by the murder of our President; but to the people of Servia the fall of Prince Michael in the park of Belgrade was not less portentous than was to us the event that turned our joy into mourning at the close of our civil war.

Lying south of Hungary, from which it is separated by the Save and the Danube, and surrounded in other directions by provinces subject to Turkey, Servia is a land of mountains and rivers, containing about twenty-one thousand square miles, — equal in extent, therefore, to the two kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, and somewhat larger than our States of New Hampshire and Vermont. In the Roman empire it constituted the upper division of the province of *Moesia*. The inhabitants — who, according to Ranke, have been of the same race from the earliest period known — are Slavonians, and speak the softest of all the Slavonic dialects. They received instruction in Christianity from the Greek Church; but retained, or soon secured, their independence in ecclesiastical matters. The decline of the Greek empire gave them also political independence; and Stephen Dushan, the most powerful of their princes, in the middle of the fourteenth century, having conquered several neighboring provinces, assumed the titles of “Emperor of the Roumelians,” and “the Macedonian Christ-loving Czar.” The standard of orthodoxy under his rule was very simple, if the anecdote be true that is told of him, — that, on the festival of the Archangel Michael, he asked his *Voi-voides* on which side they wished him to lead them, — towards Greece or towards Alemannia; to the Eastern or to the Western Church. “Wherever thou leadest us, most glorious czar,” they loyally replied, “we will follow thee.” Such an answer would have drawn a smile of approval from the stony-hearted Henry VIII.



But Belgrade was not destined to compete permanently with Rome and Constantinople. After the death of Stephen, the states he had subjected regained their independence. A century passed, and another able prince, George Brankovitsch, stood side by side with the great Hungarian commander, John Hunniades, in resisting the progress of the Turks. A Servian song tells the story, that Brankovitsch inquired of his ally what he would do with regard to religion, should he be raised to power in Servia. Hunniades replied that he would establish the Roman-Catholic Church. The same question was then asked of Sultan Amurath; and the more politic Turk answered, that for every mosque he founded he would build a church, and leave the people at liberty to follow which religion they pleased. The story may not be literally true, but it represents the truth. The divisions among Christians, and the profession of liberality by the Turks, more than their arms, reduced this principality, among whose mountains freedom might have been successfully defended, to a province of the Turkish empire.

Bitterly did the Servians have cause to repent the surrender of their independence. Their condition may have varied at times, but at the beginning of the present century they had long been a miserably oppressed people. Instead of churches being built for them, they were in most places forbidden to assemble for worship. The office of the secular priest was confined to the celebration of baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and announcing the festivals of the Church; the people resorted to the monks for the purpose of confession; but preaching, the great means of popular education as well as of religious improvement, hardly existed. The Christians were forbidden to enter a town on horseback; the Christian meeting a Turk must stop till he passed by; and was required to render personal service to any Turk who demanded it. The native race were forbidden to bear arms.

To these oppressions, and the innumerable evils that resulted from a government of force and injustice, was added at length the worst of evils, in the failure of all power of restraint, in the Court of Constantinople, over its own turbulent soldiery.

As in Egypt the Mamelukes, so in Servia the Janissaries, under four chiefs known as *Dahis*, or Superiors, subjected the country to all the miseries of arbitrary power lodged in savage hands. The Servians turned for relief to their sovereign, the Sultan. They complained that they were attacked in their religion, their morality, and their honor; no husband being secure in the possession of his wife, no father of his daughter, no brother of his sister. "Art thou still our czar?" they demanded; "then come and free us from these evil-doers. Or, if thou wilt not save us, at least tell us so; that we may decide whether to flee to the mountains and forests, or to seek in the rivers a termination to our miserable existence." The result of this appeal was a threat to the wrongdoers, — the worse than useless resort of decrepit power. The Sultan told the Dahis, that, unless they changed their conduct, he would send an army against them, — not a Turkish army, but soldiers of another creed; and that unimagined evils would befall them. The Dahis asked one another to whom the Grand Seignior could allude. Would he bring Austrians or Russians — foreign infidels — into his empire? "By Allah," they exclaimed, "he means the Rayahs!" They had found the explanation of the foolish threat, and took the course that their savage hearts suggested to prevent its execution. They sent their emissaries into the villages, where the inhabitants, as usual, advanced to meet them, to supply them with food or to take charge of their horses. This gave them the opportunity for seizing whom they would. The *Kneses*, or chiefs, were slain; and not only these, but "every person of any consideration, whether it had been acquired by military prowess, eloquence, or wealth, was put to death." "Even the sacred office afforded no protection." It was in February, 1804, that this work of blood commenced. "Horror," says Ranke, "prevailed throughout the country. Men knew not who were doomed. The belief gained ground that it was intended to extirpate the entire population. Even the poorest feared for his life. In the villages, none but old men and children went forth to meet the Turks. The able-bodied fled to the mountains, into the hiding-places of the Heyducs." By that name

the banditti were designated, who, as in all badly-governed countries, swarmed in places difficult of access, made every road dangerous, and gilded their wild crimes by as wild a patriotism.

But oppression works its own ruin. Among many who preferred death in arms to death by the hangmen of the Dahis, was George Petrovitsch, better known as "Black George," that epithet being *Czerni* in Slavonian, and *Kara* in Turkish. His fame first spread to the West, under the name his own language gives him, "Czerni George;" but in recent usage, as in the books before us, he bears the Turkish epithet: like the Cid Ruy Diaz,—

". . . whose Moorish title rose,  
The toil-worn homage of admiring foes."

Kara George, born a peasant, had served as a soldier and had robbed as a Heyduc; but of late his occupation had been peaceful. He was collecting his herd of swine for sale in Austria, when he saw the Turks approaching. He left his swine to take their own way, and fled into the woods with his herdsmen. The country people rose, and were joined by the Heyducs. After a few slight successes, they looked around for a leader. They thought first of a Heyduc chief; but he refused the honor, telling them that the country would have no confidence in a robber, as he was, with neither house nor field to lose. Their next choice was a Knes, or civil magistrate; but his answer showed the unwarlike character of his class. Then they turned to the reformed robber, Black George, whose past achievements attested his courage, while his more recent wealth gave him a stake in the welfare of the country. He, too, sought to decline the appointment. "I do not," he said, "understand how to govern." The Kneses replied that they would give him counsel. "But," said he, "I am passionate; and, if any one disobeys me, I shall not wait to consult, but shall be more likely to kill him on the spot." They answered that such decision was what the necessity of the time required. Thus Kara George became commander of the Servians.

We have not space to go through the account of his operations, with their varied fortune; till, from a guerilla chief, he found himself, in 1810, the ruler of Servia, with almost absolute power, while the rescue of the country seemed secured by the protection of Russia. That power was then at war with Turkey, and assisted the Servians not only by engaging the strength of their enemy in another direction, but by sending three thousand men to co-operate with Kara George. Assisted by these, he repulsed an attack of Curschid Pasha with thirty thousand men on the east; then turned, and defeated a still stronger force advancing from Bosnia on the west.

This period of the culmination of his power is suitable for a nearer view of the deliverer of Servia. Few more remarkable men have startled the world by their wild deeds, or advanced its progress by their great actions. The shades of his character are darker than the features could have been that won him his familiar name. There is a story that, in his earlier life, when pursued by the Turks, he killed his own father, lest the old man, who could not accompany their flight, should be tortured to death by the pursuers. Later, when ruler of Servia, he spared not the life of his own brother, when convicted of an infamous crime. When excited to anger, he knew no restraint. He would slay the offender with his own hand; then weep, and exclaim, "May God punish him who gave cause for the quarrel!"

We transcribe a note to the translation of Ranke, partly because it introduces to us also one, the question of whose guilt or innocence at this moment attracts the attention of the world:—

"Mr. Paton, in his work entitled '*Servia, the Youngest Member of the European Family*,' describes an interview which he had with the son of Kara George. Mr. Paton observed to the Prince,—

"'Your Highness's father had a great name as a soldier: I hope that your rule will be distinguished by rapid advancement in the arts of civilization.'

"'This,' continues Mr. Paton, 'led to a conversation relative to the late Kara George; and the Prince, rising, led me into another apartment, where the portrait of his father, the duplicate of one painted for



the Emperor Alexander, hung from the wall. He was represented in the Turkish dress, and wore his pistols in his girdle. The countenance expressed not only intelligence, but a certain refinement, which one would scarcely expect in a warrior peasant; but all his contemporaries agree in representing him to have possessed an inherent superiority and nobility of nature, which in any station would have raised him above his equals.'

"The same writer transcribes the following passage from a paper by Marshal Diebitsch, who was employed on a confidential mission from the Russian Government in Serbia during the years 1810 and 1811, the original of which is in possession of the Servian Government: —

"George Petrovitsch, to whom the Turks have given the name of *Kara*, or "Black," is an important character. His countenance shows a greatness of mind, which is not to be mistaken; and when we take into consideration the times, circumstances, and the impossibility of his having received an education, we must admit that he has a mind of a masculine and commanding order. The imputation of cruelty and bloodthirstiness appears to be unjust. When the country was without the shadow of a constitution, and when he commanded an unorganized and uncultivated nation, he was compelled to be severe; he dared not vacillate, or relax his discipline: but, now that there are courts of law, and legal forms, he hands every case over to the regular tribunals. He has very little to say for himself, and is rude in his manners; but his judgments in civil affairs are promptly and soundly framed, and to great address he joins unwearied industry. As a soldier, there is but one opinion of his talents, bravery, and enduring firmness.'

"Dr. Croly says of Kara George, 'He was boldly formed, and above the general stature. But the extraordinary length of his physiognomy, his sunken eyes, and his bold forehead, bound with a single black tress of hair, gave him a look rather Asiatic than European.'"

But the fate of Kara George and of his country was interwoven with the web of mightier destinies. The Servians looked to Russia as their natural protector; and Alexander did not disown the obligation imposed by similarity of race, of language, and of faith. But Napoleon was preparing for an attack on Russia with all the power of his vast empire, his veteran soldiery, and his unequalled military skill; it was necessary to maintain peace with the Turks on the southern

frontier, while this fearful storm was threatening from the west. A treaty was concluded between Russia and Turkey, by which Alexander restored his recent conquests of Wallachia and Moldavia. With regard to Servia, it was stipulated that the people should be self-governed, but should pay an annual tribute to the Porte, and that the fortresses should be in the hands of the Turks. The language of the treaty implied that the Sultan was still sovereign of the country, and that the privileges promised to the Christians were to be conferred by his free grace. Difficulties soon arose respecting the interpretation of the treaty. Negotiations continued for some time; but the Servians clearly perceived, that if they complied with the arrangement made for them, as construed by the Turks, they could expect nothing but a return to the former anarchy and misery. Negotiations were broken off, and the Servians prepared to defend their country against a new invasion.

It came with tremendous fury. Released from all fear of Russia, the Turks turned all their strength against Servia. The heroic Heyduc Veliko was slain in defending a castle, after he had seen tower after tower fall to the ground, had melted spoons and lamps for ammunition, and even loaded his guns with pieces of money. Kladovo was abandoned to the merciless enemy, by whom "men were impaled; and children, in derision of the rite of baptism, were thrown into boiling water!"

The greatest loss of Servia at this dreadful time appears to have been in the judgment and presence of mind of Kara George. It had been his plan to forsake the more level frontier country, and defend the passes of the mountains; but he yielded this to an adviser, whose object was apparently to protect his own property. Afterwards, instead of being at either of the points which were attacked, he remained inactive; and finally, the day after the Turks had crossed the Morava in his sight, he fled across the Danube into the Austrian territory.

The flight of Kara George was followed by that of nearly all who had shared his power. Among the few leaders that remained was Milosch Obrenovitsch. He, like George, had

risen from the station of a herdsman to high command. As a friend tried to persuade him to escape, he replied, "What will my life profit me in Austria, while the enemy will sell into slavery my wife and child and my aged mother? No: whatever may be the fate of my fellow-countrymen shall be mine also!" He hastened to his home, which was in a part of the country where the Turks had not yet appeared. Here he made preparations for resistance, but no force could be kept together on the approach of the enemy. Happily, the Turks were now disposed to conciliate those who might have influence over their countrymen. Milosch was promised protection and authority, if he would submit, and aid in quieting the people. The object proposed was as important to the Servians as to the Turks, for an organized government of any kind was better than anarchy. Milosch, therefore, gave in his submission; was received with favor by the Turks, and invested with the office of Grand Knes, or Governor, of Rudnik. He used his influence to procure the submission of others; and, had the restored Turkish power been exercised with any thing approaching moderation, the country might still have remained a portion of the Ottoman empire.

But Turkish cruelty could not long restrain itself. A local rising took place, from an accidental cause. It was suppressed by Milosch, partly by persuasion and partly by vigorous measures. He now interceded for those implicated, and received a promise that their lives at least should be spared. But, shortly after the arrival of the prisoners at Belgrade, the less influential of them, to the number of a hundred and fifty, were beheaded; while thirty-seven, including an Iqumen, or superior of a convent, suffered the horrible punishment of impalement.

And now, like a wild beast that has tasted blood, the Turks gave way to the savage appetite. Robbery and murder, under every form of atrocity, were the order of the day. Milosch was at Belgrade when the head of a Servian officer was brought in. "Hast thou seen the head, Knes?" asked a Turk of him: "it will be thy turn next." He was only permitted to depart in consequence of having proposed to make

a large purchase of slaves from the pacha, to whom he now represented that he must go to dispose of cattle, in order to raise the means of payment. The pacha, eager for the money, allowed him to depart; and Milosch prepared for the inevitable insurrection.

“On Palm Sunday, 1815, Milosch himself came forward. Early in the morning, he appeared at the church of Takovo, amidst large numbers of the people who had assembled there. Even the old men, usually so cautious, now demanded a revolution; and all present swore, unanimously, to forget their internal dissensions, and to obey Milosch. In the interim, the Momkes (cavaliers) assembled in Zrnutscha. Brilliantly armed, and with the banner of a Voivode in his hand, Milosch stepped into the midst of the assembly. ‘Here am I,’ he said; ‘and now, war against the Turks is begun.’”

The people, however, though eager at first for resistance, were depressed by the memory of former losses, and dismayed by the force which the Turks at once gathered against them. Soon a portion were for submitting to their oppressors, and assisting them against Milosch himself; others had no better counsel to give than to slaughter the women and children, then retire to the mountains, and fight the Turks for the rest of their lives.

A reinforcement from another district put an end to such despairing thoughts, and soon the insurrection became general. We cannot follow in detail the achievements of Milosch and his followers. Their success would seem miraculous, but for the two great sources of strength which Divine Providence has given to persecuted races,—thorough knowledge of the country, and the courage of desperation. Milosch won much by his magnanimity, to which he afterwards owed the rescue of his life. He treated his prisoners well. The women who fell into his hands “knew not how to praise him sufficiently: ‘they had been treated,’ they said, ‘as though they had been their mothers and sisters.’ ‘A religion which commanded such conduct must,’ they affirmed, ‘be the true one.’”

After one of his engagements, the Turkish commander, whom Milosch had formerly known, was found behind a bush,



plundered of his turban and shawl. Milosch caused these to be restored to him, regaled him in his tent, made him a present of a horse, a fur coat, and five hundred piastres, and allowed him to join the army of the Vizier. Milosch afterwards went, on an assurance of safety, to the camp of the Vizier, and, with that ill-faith which the Turks repeatedly displayed, was assaulted by the Janissaries as he was about to mount his horse, when the officer he had treated so kindly interposed, and procured his safe return.

The power of Milosch, and the comparative freedom of Servia, were at length established in the country, and acknowledged by the Porte, under whose commission the authority of the chief was exercised; a pacha, however, still residing at Belgrade, and Turkish garrisons occupying that and other fortified towns. The state of things was thus established which had been contemplated in the Russian treaty. Under these circumstances it was that, in a hapless hour, Kara George once more entered the country. For some time he had been under guard in an Austrian fortress; was then permitted to reside in the Russian province of Bessarabia. Here he was visited by emissaries from an association — the *Hetæria* — which contemplated a simultaneous rising of the Christians throughout Turkey, — a purpose which soon found partial accomplishment in the Greek revolution. They invited Kara George to undertake the full liberation of Servia. Pressing letters from that province seconded the application; and Kara George, travelling in disguise to the Servian frontier, procured a boatman, by a handsome present, to take him across the Danube. He took his abode with Vuitza, a chief by whom he had been expressly invited, and thence sent to Milosch, urging him to join in the insurrection which was about to commence.

Milosch was an officer of the Sultan, and as such bound to oppose the designs of the Sultan's enemy; but he was a Servian, and therefore bound to honor the first deliverer of Servia. He had shown that he knew what magnanimity was, and understood, therefore, the baseness of betraying his former commander. In the conflict of duties, he chose the path prompted

by safety, by interest, and by the strict construction of his duty to his superiors. He informed the pacha of the intelligence which had been given him, and received in turn a demand, which he transmitted to Vuitza, for the head of Kara George. That chief was strangled in his sleep, by one of Vuitza's attendants, and his head sent to the pacha, who transmitted it to the Sultan.

Dr. Croly, whom we have already quoted, has given to this tragic deed a scene and circumstances more worthy of the death of a hero:—

“’Twas noon: a crimson banner play’d  
Above thy rampart port, Belgrade;  
From time to time the gong’s deep swell  
Rose thundering from the citadel;  
And soon the trampling charger’s din  
Told of some mustering pomp within.

They lead a captive; the pashaw  
From his large eye draws back with awe.  
No Moslem he: his brow is bare,  
Save one wild tress of raven hair,  
Like a black serpent, deeply bound  
Where once sat Serbia’s golden round.

A trumpet rang, — the turban’d line  
Clash’d up their spears, the headsman’s sign.  
Then, like the flame-burst from the forge,  
Blazed thy dark visage, Czerni George.  
He knew that trumpet’s Turkish wail,  
His guide through many a forest vale,  
When, scattering like the hunted deer,  
The Moslem felt his early spear;  
He heard it when the Servian targe  
Broke down the Delhi’s desperate charge,  
And o’er the flight his scimitar  
Was like the flashing of a star:  
That day his courser to the knee  
Was bathed in blood, and Serbia free!  
That day, before he sheathed his blade,  
He stood a sovereign in Belgrade.  
The field, the throne, were on that eye  
Which wandered now so wild and high.”

But we must hasten on. Milosch ruled Serbia until 1839, when, compelled to resign his power, he abdicated in favor of

his son Milan. This prince soon died, and was succeeded by his brother Michael. Another revolution displaced Michael, and substituted for him Alexander Kara Georgevitsch, the son of the liberator. He in turn was driven into exile, and the old chief, Milosch, reinstated; upon whose death the principality of Servia devolved a second time on Michael. It is this prince who was assassinated, on the 10th of June last, while walking in the public park of Belgrade, in company with his cousin and a daughter of the latter, with his usual attendants. They were fired upon by three men armed with revolvers. The prince and his cousin were slain, and the lady who accompanied them wounded. Suspicion has rested upon the de-throned prince, Kara Georgevitsch; and, while we write, intelligence reaches us of his arrest at Pesth, in Hungary, of his serious illness, and of the confiscation of his property in Servia.

The country is now under the joint protection of the great European powers; the infamous bombardment of Belgrade by the Turkish garrison, in 1862, having shown that the presence of such a force could no longer be tolerated by those Christian kingdoms to whose support the wretched Turkish misgovernment owes its continued existence. The late prince has been succeeded by his nephew, Milan. We await with interest further intelligence from that country, hoping that it may be proved that the son of a mighty, if a barbarian, chief has not dishonored himself by a foul murder; and that Servia, rescued from Moslem oppression and internal dissension, may pursue peacefully the course of advancement in civilization and Christianity.

## ART. IX. — THEISM — CHRISTIAN OR NOT.

*The Worship of Jesus in its Past and Present Aspects.* By SAMUEL JOHNSON, Minister of the Free Church at Lynn. Boston: William V. Spencer.

It is a curious and somewhat sudden change in the mode of belief called Theism, that of late it zealously disowns the name "Christian," which, till very lately, it seemed equally zealous to claim. How far this is due to a simple, honest development, and how far to something re-actionary in the temper of the more liberal Christian sects, it is not perhaps worth while to discuss. The line of cleavage, that could be traced pretty plainly long ago, has widened into a distinct and visible separation. And this, probably, to the relief of many who stand on both sides the line. In its very widest and vaguest sense, Christianity still has something conservative and organic, and in the eyes of "aggressive radicalism" will seem a sectarian thing. Besides, there are devout religious reformers in India; there are intelligent and liberal thinkers among the Jews; there is a noble, earnest, and pious temper among many of a purely scientific training, or a purely philosophic faith, — and to none of them has the name Christian any thing especially sacred or august: so that one who seeks only the very largest religious fellowship will prefer to stand outside the Christian boundary, and become, frankly, a citizen of the wide world. And, on the other side, there is a very sincere piety, which has been affronted by the tone of radical discussion; there is a timorous temper that has felt an uncomfortable half-responsibility for the vagaries of bolder thought; there is a dogmatic and positive cast of mind with many, which has always predicted that rationalistic thinking would be driven into denial, and always meant it should. Minds of that sort, whichever side of the line they happen to be, like to see it drawn sharp and distinct; and the new phase of Theism will doubtless bring them comfort and relief.



But there is another class, quite different from either, to which this sudden renunciation of a spiritual birthright will give surprise, perplexity, and pain, — surprise, because they have associated the name Christian only with what is generous, pure, and free; perplexity, because it starts the question whether they are logically honest in their own profession of Christian fellowship, which means to them the dearest privilege of their lives; and pain, because it puts a visible parting and a line of antagonism among those to whom they are about equally drawn in respect and mental sympathy. On one hand, if Christianity does not include that largeness and freedom of thought, if it does not mean that pure and high ideal of the religious life, if it is true that we cannot have a Type without making it a Dogma, or a brotherhood without a creed, — what value remains to the name, or what sweetness to the fellowship, that they should continue to cherish it? On the other hand, the world of mere intellectual freedom and unrest, crude, large, vague, meets the want only of one-half their nature, — that which is soon and often weary. The household of believers has been their home, but not their cage. Loyal, as they are in spirit, to the Christian standard and name; recognizing, as they do, that inspiration which has flowed with the life of Christ into human history, — they feel it as an injury and a loss if they should be cut off from a fellowship which is theirs by birthright and by choice; and, while they challenge the right of any dogmatist to bar them out by the bolts and limits of a creed, they equally defend their right against any bolder thinker, who would compel them by his logic upon the ground outside, which he is led to occupy. If Christianity were a speculation merely, and if religious fellowship only meant identity of opinion, their choice would be quickly made. But that is the very interpretation of it they have been fighting against all along; and it is a little hard when they find their position suddenly assailed by those whose right to occupy it had seemed the very thing in controversy.

The position, distinctly taken and held among us as “liberal Christianity,” for the last five-and-twenty years, has been, that the name Christian is not merely a profession of belief, but a

privilege of inheritance or a thing of choice ; and that no person, on dogmatic grounds, has a right to withhold that name from those who honestly claim it. The grounds on which they claim it may be contested : to the title itself there is no just dispute. For the name is one of allegiance to a symbol, a fellowship, or an idea, — and allegiance is in its very nature a voluntary thing ; and this ground of fellowship, in simple voluntary profession, and the desire to join in doing a common work, has been very dear to those who have taken it. It has given a sweetness, freedom, and breadth to the feeling of fellowship. It has kept the sense of religion distinct from dogma. It has relieved us from the painful attitude of partisans in attempting to understand the past, and thrown a broad track of light on the interpretation of the Christian history. It has relieved the mind from torturing questions as to the purposes of Divine Providence towards humanity at large ; and from that sense of dread, allied to guilt, with which some minds have watched the courses of human thought in the field of criticism and science. Instead of an inexorable condition of salvation, it has made the name Christian a happy and free privilege. It has baptized the purest ideal and the noblest hope that could be cherished for mankind, with the name, and sanctified with the memory, of one noblest Man ; and so, in the inevitable drift and change that pass upon all human things, it has seemed to insure to Christianity itself an exemption from the decay that must befall all dogma, a lease of fresh, uncounted ages, and a new birth into a larger life than the former ages of faith could once imagine.

This is liberal Christianity, as we have understood and defended it, — a mode of faith absolutely without exclusion for any who seek its comfort and fellowship ; a mode of faith, moreover, which has fairly vindicated its right as a legitimate development of the Christian idea, and its consistency as an order of speculative thought. As a form of belief, it was far from being satisfactory or complete ; as a method to think by, and an inspiration to work by, it has amply proved its claim. It has kept at once fidelity to the past and hope for the future. If not the accepted interpretation of Christianity, it is at least

a legitimate interpretation; and one, too, which, in common literature and the common thought, is fast supplanting every other.

It is, as we say, a new and somewhat sudden phase of what we knew not long ago as "Christian Theism," that it turns round and refuses, even assails, the title which seemed so fully vindicated. Till now, it was left to the dogmatists and sectarians and ritualists to assert that Christianity was a limited and narrow thing; that it is in essential antagonism to freedom of thought or breadth of fellowship. His own position, outside the Christian lines, a man may take, as Mr. Abbot has taken, with a manly and simple fidelity to the demands of his own strict logic, and with a courageous willingness to accept whatever of loss or evil-speaking that position may incur. Or, in combinations like the "Free Religious Association," whose special aim necessarily invites the co-operation of religionists of every race or creed, there would be folly and weakness, as well as a certain insolence, in insisting on the adoption of a name even as vague and wide as "Christian," as long as one honest religious thinker can be found, to whom that name should be a bar. In declining to take this ground, the Unitarian Conference simply assumed that it had another and more limited work. Choosing to do that work within certain lines, it passed no judgment on those who stood outside those lines. Some of the best men in it would have chosen that it should attempt a larger or a different thing: but it was surely competent to elect what it would attempt; and at least, whatever of exclusiveness there was in its action, has not prevented some from working in it very heartily, who are quite as ready and as free to join on that larger platform, in that grander fellowship, which the other title implies.

In the first important publication sent forth under the auspices of that Association, the position which we have held so long securely is challenged and denied. Not many pieces of theological discussion have been more thoroughly and ably done, than this little tract of Mr. Johnson. Its bulk is no gauge either of its reach of scholarship or its keenness of exposition. As an argument, it is enough, with none to spare.

Its survey of the elements of pagan thought contemporary with the establishment of Christianity, and of the tendencies which set towards the forms of the Christian organization and belief, is compact, clear, and masterly, beyond any presentation of the same topics to which we can easily refer. How satisfactory the argument is, how far it succeeds in resolving that organization and belief into the elements set forth, may be matter of question. In particular, it seems to us to be warped by the disposition it shares with most of the current scientific criticism of history; namely, to ascribe every thing to "tendencies" and impersonal "forces," and little or nothing to powerful personal convictions as the inspiration of character and of will. A truly dramatic presentation of the same thing, even from the same speculative point of view, would make a very different story of the establishment of Christianity in the world. Still, the reason must go before, and mark out the field where imagination may follow. Assuming the writer's aim, and given his limits, the discussion is not only remarkably compact; it is also remarkably clear and full. Take the following passage, from which we are obliged to omit a large cluster of special references: —

"In all the better minds of that epoch, those of the stamp of Lucretius excepted, there was a deep conviction of primal Unity and Fatherhood, as God. It was the precious legacy of 'pagan' thought. The shining track came broadening down through every great poet, teacher, school, of Greek antiquity. . . . This was the noblest interpretation of Polytheism by these, its noblest children. They were bound to find the highest faith germinating in all lower forms and processes of spiritual life. It was not for lack of faith in the Fatherhood of God or in the Brotherhood of Man that the great stoic and eclectic philosophers of that day were not found welcoming the Christian dogma; but because, in that search for a divine centre for the soul, which was universal in their age, they were *too enlightened* to stop short in the worship of a Man.

"But this is precisely where the search did stop in the masses. It had to struggle upwards, bound by the old polytheistic love of palpable, concrete, human gods. It wanted a deity who should set aside those inexorable laws of nature, that were not yet loved or trusted as good, with the touch of a human hand; bearing men's sorrows like Isis



and Ceres, overcoming their foes like Hercules ; a god of whose earthly life traditions could be handed down, and mythologies believed. One human deity it wanted, instead of many ; one man gifted with the supernatural powers, so dear to the familiar hopes and fears. Into this *one* form of anthropomorphism it was yearning to fuse all that remained of the older forms. Out of this state of feeling grew that restless expectation of the advent of some such redeeming Person, which filled the imaginations of men, both in the East and the West." — pp. 21-24.

It is the special polemic interest of this essay, that it insists on recognizing in Christianity only the technical and limited meaning which belonged to it in that era, — only the "worship of Jesus" in a more or less strict orthodox sense. The writer denies that broad and somewhat loose signification, which has come to be almost the accepted sense of Christianity in our day. He insists on seeing in it only "a special form of religion ; a special Church built around the person of Jesus of Nazareth ; a corporation organized for his worship." In thus forsaking the liberal interpretation we have been accustomed to put upon the phrase, and giving in his adhesion to that which dogmatists and bigots have always insisted on, he easily makes good his argument. The premise contains whatever, controversially, he wishes to prove. The rest is mere illustration and historical exposition ; and, in general, it contains nothing which an intelligent reader need quarrel with. The leading thesis, that not only the dogmatic form but the very name of Christianity must pass away in favor of a wider Theism, — nay, that it stands at this day in the way, to bar the advance of a purer faith, — is simply the assumption with which the writer starts, and gains no new force from any thing that he has said.

It is, then, as a symptom of the time — as the distinct and earnest expression of what lies in many minds — that this essay has its chief interest. It seems to bring us to the threshold of a new controversy, in which the lines of old parties will find themselves strangely broken up. The name Christian has come to be too wide in its purport, too rich in its associations, to be surrendered, even by the freest thinker, on

the bare challenge of his consistency in holding it. At the same time, the sacredness and value of the name, and its ability to command respect, depend on the genuineness of the homage and the reality of the life it betokens. We cannot deny that the name carries a very different meaning to the impartial student of history, and to the man of average worldly understanding and experience, from what it bears to the humble disciple or the devout thinker, who connects it with all he has learned to revere and love. The historian knows that the bitterest wars have been those of religious hate, and that the "most Christian" monarchs of Europe have been the worst enemies of civil and religious liberty. The man of average sense and experience knows too well of the petty wars of sects; the small, sanctimonious bigotries, the degenerate and secular character, of so-called Christian institutions; knows, too, that what is insisted on as the form of Christian doctrine, is mostly that which has the respect neither of scientific men nor scholars. Strong in popular custom and in vested wealth, the Church, as an organized profession of belief, meets a great deal of undermining scepticism and secret contempt. It is impossible for any one, thinking coolly, to anticipate that it will have any thing like the same prestige and power in another generation that it has in this. The approaching dethronement of the Pope, the almost consummated "disestablishment" of the Irish Church, the chafing of revolutionary waters against the foundations of Anglicanism, the divisions and weakness that are the inevitable result of the Voluntary system amongst ourselves, — all these are warnings, that, to preserve its honor or its strength, Christianity must league itself with whatever is noble and free in thought, and large of promise for humanity, and helpful towards the true life of nations, as well as what is devout and comforting and earnest in the realm of pious emotion and fellowship.

If the endeavor of what we have called "liberal Christianity" to effect this shall prove to be in vain; if the natural defenders of liberalism, those who have been nurtured in its beliefs and strengthened in its fellowship, shall find themselves forced, by the stress of their own logic, or by the distrust and

prejudice of Christian sects, to renounce a name that has been so noble and so dear, — we may be sure of the result. An institution which claims to be and to do for mankind what the Christian Church claims to be and do, cannot afford to cut itself off from what is most courageous, strong, and free in the mental activities of the day. It will still be the effort and the aim of liberal Christianity to preserve that alliance. It will be the earnest desire and hope of its defenders not to relinquish so dear a birthright and so cherished a fellowship as are signified to them in the Christian name they vindicate; and it will augur ill for the purity, fervor, and height of religious aspiration, for the sweetness and depth of religious trust, if mankind shall be forced to choose between their birthright of freedom and their birthright of Christian faith.

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#### ART. X. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THEOLOGY.

“SEVENTY thousand citations” of volumes and treatises in religious literature seem to indicate an Index\* nearly complete, wonderful in its fulness, and far beyond the wants even of the most curious and critical theological scholar. Probably no library in this land could reckon thirty thousand works in its theological department, except by a very broad interpretation of the word “theology.” This broad interpretation, indeed, is gaining favor, and a great deal is now associated with theology which, in the last age, would have been separated from it by a wide interval. In this “Index” of Dr. Malcom, for instance, “Mnemonics” is one of the titles; and no less than twenty-two works on artificial memory — Latin, French, and English — are catalogued. The art of remembering is certainly important in running over a list of seventy thousand works; but the art of selecting, on which Dr. Malcom has given no references, is even more necessary. In our time, all branches

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\* Theological Index. References to the Principal Works in every Department of Religious Literature. Embracing nearly Seventy Thousand Citations. Alphabetically arranged under Two Thousand Heads. By HOWARD MALCOM, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1868. 8vo, pp. 488.

of knowledge cross each other and intertwine with each other. The channels of inquiry, in every science, run together on the broad plain of free investigation, like the channels of the Euphrates on the plain of Chaldea. The least diversion from the ancient way brings one into other provinces, — anthropology, biology, phrenology, and all the “ologies.” “Religious literature” now may reasonably mean all history, all philosophy, all science, all story of travel or adventure, or work or feeling, with which the soul of man has any thing to do. It may include subjects outside of human life. We saw, not long since, a small work on the plants of Palestine mentioned as “religious botany.” Possibly a treatise on Paul’s cloak might be placed under the head of “religious haberdashery,” — a topic which, in the growth of Ritualism, is likely to rise into first-rate importance. “Dancing” has always been a Biblical and theological subject, from the time of Miriam to the latest discussion in a Michigan Christian Convention: we are surprised that Dr. Malcom gives so short a list of works on a theme so fruitful and momentous. Surely we ought to have as much on this theme as on the kindred theme of “Backsliding,” on which he has more than twenty references.

A theological index, then, in its largest sense, would be a universal index, — an assorted catalogue of all books on all subjects, whether of heaven or earth or of the underworld, of fact or of fancy, of works written by laymen as well as ministers, and on “lay topics,” too, if we may use such a phrase. It would reject nothing as irrelevant, or insignificant, or morally unsuitable. If the lives of excellent men and women are to be classed in its pages with the good apostles, why should it not give the lives of eminent modern traitors, like Jefferson Davis, to be classed with Judas Iscariot, who receives due attention? If Solomon and Saul were “theological characters,” why should not Henry the Eighth, who was as passionate as the one and as sensual as the other, be referred to as a “religious” person, especially when it is considered that he is the father of the English Church? If petty sects — Bogomiles and Junkers and Davidists — are honored with notice, why should not parties in Parliament, Whigs and Tories, who have legislated for the Church and the Church-rates, be recorded as “religious”? On equitable principles, the men and things which have had most influence upon the progress and the fortune of religion in the world have the best claim to notice in a theological index.

But an index of this large and universal kind is clearly not to be expected. If it is impossible to make a catalogue of single libraries,



like the great library of Munich or Paris, or the British Museum, how shall a catalogue of all the libraries — English, French, German, Italian — be made, even with the aid of miracle, and by a commission like the seventy translators of the Hebrew Bible? The index itself would make a library, and would need, in turn, to be indexed and digested. Failing this, the *numerical* limit is perhaps as good as any. A certain number of titles may be resolved upon, and the decree be passed that the work shall close when that number is reached. The compiler may resolve to stop with five thousand, or ten thousand, or twenty thousand titles; or, if he be very hopeful and industrious, like Dr. Malcom, to extend it to seventy thousand; a number large enough to satisfy all reasonable desire, and a good Scriptural number too, — precisely the number of men that Solomon sent to Lebanon to bring cedar for the temple. Thus far it may go, but no farther. As many titles on as many subjects as can be conveniently treated may be admitted up to that mark; but at that mark the gates must be shut, and all other applicants must stay “out in the cold.”

We would not intimate that Dr. Malcom has prepared his “Index” on this principle; yet he might have done so without altering very much its appearance, its quality, or the balance of its parts. There are subjects with which he is familiar, on which he has given references enough for a large library; while there are others of equal or superior importance, with which he was not so well acquainted, on which the references are few, where they might have been, and ought to have been, numerous. A Baptist will have naturally an exaggerated notion of the importance of the works which illustrate his peculiar tenet, and we may excuse his *copia verborum* in the bibliography of this theme. But a dozen columns of Baptist and Anabaptist titles, with an average of more than fifty references in each column, are certainly redundant in an index which gives less than a column of titles under the head of “Charity.” We cannot, indeed, be sure that all the titles under any particular head include all the works referred to as dealing with that general subject. The Arabs have a dozen names for the sun; and the graces of the gospel take many names in their English dress. If we add to the references under Charity the references under Benevolence, Almsgiving, Love, and kindred titles, there is nothing to complain of on the score of number. It is fair to say, however, that, in his large array of works about the Baptists and their creed, Dr. Malcom is impartial. He mentions about as many who have written against the Baptists as have written in their favor. The student may get the

antidote and the bane together, and may take his choice among the authorities on either side. Whatever other defects may be found in Malcom's "Index," wilful unfairness is not to be charged against it. So far as his knowledge goes, the compiler allows both sides of every question a fair chance for a hearing. No theological hatred appears in his pages. Transcendentalism may be classed with Atheism, Neology, and Rationalism; but then Atheism is classed with the "Existence of God," and is represented by a respectable body of writers. We cannot accept Dr. Malcom's judgment in his list of references under this head. It is absurd to call Spinoza and Ferdinand Christian Baur the advocates of Atheism. The list of works under this head is made up very carelessly. And even more inaccurate is the list of works under the head of "Neology," in which Michelet, an ultra-Hegelian, and Volkmar are presented as authors on the orthodox side; while Frederic Denison Maurice is classed with the radical heretics, Paulus and Strauss and Semler.

This inaccuracy in the disposition of writers is the most serious fault we have to find with Dr. Malcom's "Index." In attempting to separate the writers *pro* and *con*, he makes very strange mistakes, and puts not a few of his authors on the wrong side. While he attempts to define Rationalism, and show how Rationalists are distinguished from Atheists and Deists, his classification of writers shows that he has not studied the subject with any thoroughness, and knows very little about it from writers at first hand. He represents Röhr, for instance, as an *opponent* of Rationalism; while Michelet, who under "Neology" was orthodox, here comes into his proper place. He mentions "Compte" (name misspelled) as writing in favor of Rationalism. He might as well call Tom Paine a Baptist because he did not believe in Pedobaptism. He reckons among rationalistic works Combe's "Vestiges of the History of Creation;" thus settling a long-disputed question of authorship, and classifying a work that had no place before. The "Essays and Reviews" are rationalistic. Donaldson's "Jasher" is rationalistic. De Wette's "Introduction" is rationalistic. So is Reinhard's "Ethics," and Gesenius's "Thesaurus," and the "Christian Gnosis" of *Bauer*, as the name is frequently printed. The jumble of authors under this head is extraordinary. Buckle's work, Lecky's work, even the superficial work of Hurst, are not mentioned. Neander's "Life of Christ" is cited; but a parenthesis tells us, that, though "written against Eichhorn, it is not much more orthodox." On the principle by which this list of authors has been

prepared, all non-orthodox authors on any point of religious science, philology, or Biblical criticism, might be cited as authorities for Rationalism.

More extraordinary still is the classification of authors under the head of Materialism. Will it be believed that James Martineau and Theodore Parker — two of the most inspired defenders of the spiritual nature of man in this age — are here set down as advocates of Materialism? The inquirer is referred not only to Comte's "Positive Philosophy," to Hartley "on Man," but to Martineau's "Rationale of Religious Inquiry," and to Parker "on Matters in Relation to Religion"! He might as well have cited the Epistle to the Romans and the Gospel of Matthew as Materialist works. On the other hand, we have a long list of works against Materialism, one-half of which are of no account whatever. We shall not accept Professor Kidd's verdict about Drew "on the Soul," — that it is "wonderful. Nothing like it was ever published." Dr. Malcom does not seem to have heard of the great work of Lélut, in France, on the "Physiology of Thought;" and makes no mention of the more recent work of Maudsley.

The catalogue of writers for and against Deism is a long one, but shows very confused ideas of what Deism is, and what it is to write against it. Paley's "*Horæ Paulinæ*" is mentioned among the anti-deistic works. Indeed, opening the volume almost anywhere, one may find writers strangely misplaced. Accurate reference would have greatly reduced the size of the volume. Next to this fault, we have to mention the countless misprints of names, which are far too numerous and too patent to be attributed to the carelessness of the proof-reader. A more annoying volume in this kind has never come under our notice. Even the most familiar names, which are in everybody's mouth, are constantly misspelled. Mill becomes *Mills*, Pascal is *Pascall*, Frazer's Magazine is *Frazier's Magazine*, Eisenmenger is *Eisenmeyer*, Hengstenberg is *Hengstenburg*, Sprenger is *Springer*, Woods is *Wood*, Tayler is *Taylor*, Basnage is *Bassnage*, Eliot is *Elliot*, Böhringer and Döllinger are printed *Bohringer* and *Dollinger*, Whately appears as *Whateley*, Bretschneider is *Bretchneider*, Hippolytus is *Hypolitus*, Baur is *Bauer*, Comte is *Compte*, Coquerel is *Coquerell*, Stier is *Steir*, — we might go on indefinitely with such instances. Sometimes the blunders are more than typographical; as where Noyes becomes *North*, and Richard Trench becomes *Francis Trench*. Now, in a work of this kind, typographical accuracy is especially important and indispensable, — all the more that the titles are so much con-

densed and altered. Misprinting here amounts to misrepresentation. It may not be so important that Greek should be printed with the accents (Malcom's Greek almost invariably omits these), or that Hebrew should have the vowel-points; but it is necessary that the names of the authors should be correctly given, and that they should not be mistaken for other authors of similar name. Where the names are very common, as those of Smith, Brown, Clark, Jones, Parker, or Williams, we need also the initials to have satisfactory direction in our inquiries. These initials Malcom's "Index" fails very often to give, and we are compelled to guess who the writers are. The great difficulty of securing typographical accuracy, in a work of this kind, is no excuse for so signal a failure.

Then we have to notice, that many titles, essential to completeness in such a work, are wanting in Malcom's "Index." The "Alexandrine School," which dictated so much of the dogma of the Church, and which has been the subject of admirable monographs, should certainly be in the list: we do not find it. The Catacombs, so fruitful in illustrations of the life and worship of the early Christians, and occupying so large a place in modern ecclesiastical researches, ought to be in the list: we look in vain for that title. The Russian Church, which Dean Stanley has so brilliantly painted, and the curious heresies of the Raskol, the Eastern companions of English Puritanism, if they are referred to in the "Index," have no sign of such reference under an appropriate head. While the mediæval monastic orders have more than their due share of heed, Passionists and Paulists are left unmentioned; though the last-named fraternity have their houses in New York, close to those of the Protestant sects, edit a magazine of wide circulation, and publish their annual volumes of sermons, which compare favorably with the best of the Baptist or Methodist issues. The apostle of Positivism is quoted for opinions which he never held or defended; but the subject of Positivism is left out from Dr. Malcom's survey, even while it is announced that a temple of that new religion is opened in a fashionable quarter of the largest American city. Zoroaster and the Parsees have in the "Index" their expositors, and the works of Count Gobineau are frequently referred to; but Babism, the rational reform going on in the Persian Church, which Count Gobineau has so well described, is wholly neglected here. Palgrave's "Arabia" has very interesting accounts of the Wahabees, the Puritans of Islam, a sect which has brought whole kingdoms under its dominion: Malcom's "Index" has no place for that subject. It tells



of the Druses and the Maronites, but not of the still more curious Ansarieh and Yesidees, which have been the subject of so many speculations and learned papers in the last years. Even the numerous "Christian Connection," which have churches all over the Northern States, newspapers, dogmatic statements, and one or more colleges, are not separately treated; but their name is assigned to the quite distinct sect of the "Disciples" or Campbellites. These are only a few of the subjects which we look for in such a work, which are conspicuous by their absence from this "Index." Other titles that we might look for, of a more abstract kind, are equally wanting.

And then the *list of authors* on many of the principal topics is inexcusably defective. There is no mention, for instance, of Ewald in the list of writers about Jewish antiquities, Jewish history, or Judaism! Graetz, too, is not included among the writers on those subjects. This is the more remarkable, as the list under these heads is long, and includes many obscure writers, and some of no value. Under the head of "Job," while Magee on the "Atonement," the "Southern Literary Messenger," and the "Eclectic Review" are referred to, no mention is made of Schultens, Rosenmüller, Ewald, Umbreit, De Wette, Knobel, the English Lee, or the American Noyes; besides numerous other writers, foreign and American, who are superior to any referred to by Dr. Malcom. Of those who have written about Palestine and Jerusalem, the most thorough and learned of all, Titus Jobler, is unnoticed here. The elaborate work of Charles de Rémusat, not only admirable as biography, but most acute and complete in its philosophical criticism, finds no place among the authorities about Abelard. Collombet is not mentioned among those who have written about Cyprian, nor Poujoulat among those who have written about Augustine. "Monasticism" has nearly seventy references, but none of them are to Montalembert. Arhennius, Josephine Bunkley, Maria Monk, and the "Knickerbocker Magazine," are the substitutes for the learned and accomplished peer of France. Among the commentators upon the books of the Pentateuch, Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus, we look in vain for the name of Kalisch, though we find him put down as a translator and commentator on the "Whole Bible;" which he is not, and will not be, since he is a Jew. Under the head, "Life of Jesus," Renan and Schenkel do not appear, though Hutman, March, and Milner — writers of no originality or critical sagacity — are mentioned. Even Dr. Furness, a townsman of Dr. Malcom, who has made the "Life of Jesus" his life study, and has published work after work upon this theme,

does not come into the list. Bushnell does not appear among the writers on the "Atonement," or the endlessly fluent Dr. Cumming among the writers on the "Second Advent of Christ." We cannot complain that Alger is not mentioned among the writers on "Friendship," as his work on the "Friendships of Women" was so recently issued; but he should surely have been included with the writers on "Solitude." It is a year now since Lea published in Philadelphia his solid and learned work on the "Celibacy of the Clergy:" Dr. Malcom does not seem to have heard of it.

And this suggests another criticism upon Malcom's "Index," — that its scholarship is not up to the mark of the present time; that in many cases no note is taken of recent works which have superseded the ancient authorities. A large number of the works which he mentions on the most important subjects are antiquated, useless, and inaccessible to those for whom the "Index" is prepared. The explanatory remarks about the authors, too, are not especially wise, and often mislead rather than help the inquirer. For instance, he says of "Blondel on the Sibyls, and the influence of their books on the Christian religion," that "this book is all that most persons need examine on this subject." Why then does he not omit the two dozen other authorities that he cites, some of them ponderous Latin tomes? All of these together do not give what recent German learning has disclosed. The references in Biblical criticism, too, are by no means up to the time. The list of edifying "Biographies" is so defective, that the subject itself might as well have been omitted. There is no mention there of Bernard or Lessing or Schleiermacher or Channing; no mention of Elizabeth of Hungary, or St. Theresa or Madame Swetchine or Mary Ware; though we hear of the lives of Martha Dunn and Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Malcom. We have not noticed Dr. Hedge's work on "Reason in Religion" cited under any of the heads where it might properly belong. The treatment of Protestantism in France lacks the great name of Samuel Vincent. On "Preaching," neither Maury, Coquerel, nor the American Shedd, who have written special and valuable treatises, are cited. Alfred Maury's work on "Dreams," the result of twenty years of thought and experiment, does not get into this index; Lubbock and Wilson find no recognition here of their works on Prehistoric Man; Benjamin Constant is not among the writers about Mythologies and Religions; Alphonse Dantier's delightful work on the "Italian Monasteries" has escaped the compiler's notice; Ferdinand Delaunay's careful and critical study of Philo, Bungener's

"St. Paul," Weber's "History of the Israelite People," Proudhon's curious notes upon the New Testament, Parsons' "Deus Homo," even the famous "Ecce Homo,"—the subject of so much curiosity, criticism, and conjecture,—have no place among the "seventy thousand citations." Stoicism can be studied, under Dr. Malcom's guidance, without reference to the newly translated maxims and utterances of Epicuretus and Marcus Aurelius.

Dr. Malcom says, in his preface, that he is "conscious of having made a very imperfect book." The defects which we have pointed out will show that this consciousness is not wholly mistaken. There are merits in his work, however, that in some degree compensate its defects. The arrangement of topics is good, on the whole; and there is no lack of clearness. The general spirit is good; and, except in the occasional unnecessary use of the word "infidel," there is no bigotry. The industry that has condensed, assorted, and catalogued so many titles, is most praiseworthy. And the "Index" will undoubtedly be what he intended it to be,— "for future theologians a labor-saving apparatus." It is not so good as it ought to be, or as it might have been in the hands of such a master in the art as the compiler of the bibliography in Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." But it is a great deal better than nothing. It supplies a want that all students feel, though it supplies that want imperfectly. A good deal might have been left out, without loss to the volume as a proper theological index; and a good deal ought to have been inserted that has been left out. We may be thankful for so much. Yet, while we admit that the book will be useful to students and authors, we cannot agree that it will be a safe guide to purchasers for public or private theological libraries, in making "the collection symmetrical, as well as comprehensive and complete." Symmetry is what the "Index" lacks; and large alterations and amendments must be made by future editors to bring it into shape, so that it shall outline the just proportions of theological science. It resembles the model "Theological Index" much as the Gothic churches which the Methodists have built so numerous in honor of their Centenary year resemble the Gothic churches of the Middle Age; much as the cathedrals of Chicago and Montreal resemble the cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne,— vast spaces, painted windows, gorgeous altar-pieces; but not the genuine Gothic, after all. It does not quite answer the promise of the motto on the titlepage, and its cumbrous erudition by no means enables the seeker who would get the latest or best word on Biblical or theological questions, to find what he wants. We welcome this "Index" only in the hope that it

shall stimulate some more successful enterprise in the same kind, and be to this what the "Biblical Dictionary" of Smith is to the "Biblical Dictionary" of Calmet.

C. H. B.

Mr. HUNT's "Essay,"\* which is the modest name for a pretty solid octavo of some four hundred pages, owes its origin to the sense of his ignorance of theology, which came upon its author after he had been four years in orders. He found many difficulties which he could not answer, and which nevertheless he believed could be answered. Accordingly, he removed to a curacy in London, and formed a plan of reading all the books which had been written against Christianity, and mastering all the systems which are said to be in opposition to it. He went to work reading at the British Museum: but he found his subject continually growing larger; he found it to be connected with departments of research that he had had no conception of; and that it would take him twenty years to complete his design. So he took the advice of a friend, and completed and published this first part of his work,—an inquiry into the character of pantheism.

This Essay is not philosophical or controversial, like Saisset's work, but chiefly historical. It is an inquiry which seeks, by an exhibition of the different forms that pantheism has taken, and the language which it has spoken in the various religious systems, philosophies, and individual thinkers of the world, to determine what pantheism is. Commencing with Brahmanism, it traces the traits and metamorphoses of pantheism through Buddhism, the Egyptian, Persian, and Greek religions, Greek and Jewish philosophy, Gnosticism, Neoplatonism, Scholasticism, Sufeyism, German mysticism, and Spinozism, to modern transcendentalism. It passes thus over a broad field. It occupies a space in English literature before vacant, and much needing to be filled. The work has been done with a good deal of hard labor; and it gathers together a large stock of very interesting material. We wish that the author had taken time enough to do it more completely and more thoroughly, so that it would not need to be done over hereafter by somebody else. The material has been left too undigested, and the accounts of many of the systems (we would especially instance those of Spinoza and Hegel) are lacking in satisfactory clearness.

To the question, "What is Pantheism," which is the object of his inquiry, he educes the answer, that,—

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\* An Essay on Pantheism. By the Rev. JOHN HUNT, Curate of St. Ives, Hunts. London: Longmans, Green, Reade, & Dyer, 1866.



"Substantially and primarily, it is the effort of man to know God as Being, infinite and absolute. It is ontological theism, — another, a necessary and implied, form of rational theism. The argument from teleology proves a God at work; the argument from ontology proves a God infinite. We cannot take the one without the other, whatever may be our difficulties in reconciling the conclusions to which each leads us."

We must regard God, therefore, he says, as both personal and impersonal; as both having human attributes and not having them; as acting both by general laws and by special acts.

This conclusion seems to us to be not quite accurate. Pantheism is not quite ontological theism, but the error into which the fundamental truth of ontology has run by relying on itself, and neglecting the corrections of observation and experience. The solution is not, to allow both ontology and teleology, both *a priori* and *a posteriori* reasoning, to develop their results quite independently, and then accept both opponents in all their irreconcilable contradiction. It is to employ one to correct the errors of the other, using abstract reasoning and *a priori* ideas to give enlargement to the outline which observation and experience give; using observation and experience to tell what God actually is, and what interpretation and limitation, therefore, the ideas of the Infinite and Absolute require. Thus we may obtain not a self-contradictory representation of God, to be accepted by the force of faith; but the consistent, reasonable, and apprehensible representation of Him as only personal, yet therefore not limited; the source and the immanent life of all creation, and yet transcending and distinct from all created things.

J. T. B.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE fifteenth Annual Report of the New-York Children's-Aid Society opens a promising chapter in New-World philanthropy. A careful census shows, that this society, with others of kindred nature, has actually checked the growth of the "dangerous class;" that street-vagrants in New-York city have diminished from thirty thousand to about fifteen thousand; commitments to prison, from 4,299 vagrants in 1861, to 2,717 in 1867; arrests of pickpockets in 1860, 480; in 1867, only 348; while population has increased five per cent per annum.

For particular spots this effectual cure of the disease can be demonstrated. The failure of the revolutionary movements of 1848 drove a crowd of Italian exiles to the Five Points, hardly any of them able to read or do any thing better than grind a hand-organ. The first

efforts to instruct their children were utterly discouraging, being viewed with suspicion as a stealthy attempt to proselyte. Now, through the persistent benevolence of this society, fifty of the number are known to receive good wages at respectable callings; one is a shoemaker in business for himself; one is a foreman in a machine-shop; two are the keepers of tasty confectionaries; several have found their way home to Italy; and the aspect of their dwellings is permanently changed from squalid misery to cleanly comfort and modest independence.

We have asked attention to this society, because there is nothing better of the kind in the world, and because it roots up the Upas-tree in city life, instead of watering it with misplaced charity. It sustains seventeen industrial schools, four reading-rooms for young men, and five lodging-houses for children; almost two thousand little folks have been sent out to Western homes during the past year; 35,000 meals and 52,000 lodgings have been provided in 1867, the boys themselves bearing more than a third of this burden by paying five cents for each bed and five for each meal, — their eighteen thousand dollars being as remarkable a contribution as the two hundred thousand which Mr. Chauncey Rose, of Indiana, has from time to time contributed. Such facts need no comment. The heart and soul of the movement is Charles L. Brace.

F. W. H.

#### NOTE.

It should have been observed, in the review of Mrs. Dall's "Presentation" of Bunsen's "Egypt," in our last number, that the several dates given for Zoroaster were simply copied, without attempt at reconciliation, from Bunsen's own work.

The paragraph respecting "Mashallah," in the pamphlet under notice, was taken, not from Bunsen, as we learn, but from a French review, which fact the reader of the pamphlet had no means of knowing. The dates and other assertions respecting the Aryan emigrations, &c., are, of course, chargeable to the account of Bunsen, and not of the pamphlet, which simply aims to give his results. It was not in the plan of the pamphlet to harmonize those results, or to compare them with later authorities. And it is this defect of plan to which our criticism applies, not to lack of fidelity in execution.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Word of God opened : its Inspiration, Canon, and Interpretation considered and illustrated. By Rev. Bradford K. Peirce. pp. 223; Sabbath Chimes; or, Meditations in Verse for the Sundays of a Year. By W. Morley Punshon. pp. 223; The Bible Doctrine of Immortality. By Hiram Mattison. pp. 96. New York: Carlton & Porter.

The Prodigal Son: Four Discourses by the Rev. W. M. Punshon. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. pp. 87.

Plain Talk about the Protestantism of To-day. From the French of Mgr. Ségur. pp. 253; Imitation of Christ. pp. 304; Spiritual Consolation. pp. 256; Treatise on Prayer. pp. 256. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The New-Testament History. With an Introduction, connecting the History of the Old and New Testaments. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 780.

Problems of the Age; with Studies in St. Augustine on kindred topics. By Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt, of the Congregation of St. Paul. New York: Catholic Publication House.

Footprints of Life; or, Faith and Nature reconciled. By Philip Harvey, M.D. New York: Samuel R. Wells. pp. 140.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Cape Cod, and all along Shore: Stories by Charles Nordhoff. 12mo, pp. 235. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. Parts XXV.-XXXV. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Moonstone. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Author of "Armada," "No Name," &c. With many Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 223. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Comer's Navigation Simplified. A Manual of Instruction in Navigation, as Practised at Sea. Adapted to the wants of the Sailor. Containing all the Tables, Explanations, and Illustrations necessary for the Easy Understanding and Use of the Practical Branches of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy. With numerous Examples, worked out by the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac for several years ahead. 8vo, pp. 173. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Grandpapa's Arithmetic. A Story of Two Little Apple-Merchants. By Jean Macé. 18mo, pp. 142. New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine for July, 1868. pp. 134. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Riverside Magazine for July. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The History of a Mouthful of Bread, and its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animals. By Jean Macé. Translated from the eighth French edition. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. 12mo, pp. 398. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Servants of the Stomach. By Jean Macé. 12mo, pp. 311. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dead-Sea Fruit. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon. 12mo, pp. 178. New York: Harper & Brothers.

**The Spanish Gypsy.** A Poem. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (A romance, cast in the form of mingled narrative, dramatic, and lyrical poetry. The story would be better told in prose; but it is as if sober prose had seemed to the writer too exhausted and *blasé* for so high a strain, and so it had to be written, perforce, in poetic measure. The artistic form also serves to disguise the violence and painfulness of some portions of the plot. Its execution is here and there extremely fine-wrought and beautiful; but we do not consider it, on the whole, a felicitous substitute for prose. The extraordinarily fine, original, and striking feature in the poem is its setting-forth of the pure "faith of fidelity" to an outcast race and a hated name, in contrast to the different faiths of dogma amid which it plays its part. The conception is splendid and bold; the interpreting of religious passion and motive wonderfully clear; the fulfilment, too hopelessly and merely tragical.)

**Memoir and Letters of Jenny C. White Del Bal.** By her Mother, Rhoda E. White. pp. 363; Father Cleveland the Jesuit. pp. 178. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

**American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.** Revised and edited by Professor H. B. Hackett, D.D., with the co-operation of Ezra Abbot, A.M. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Part XII. pp. 112. (Upwards of seventy pages of this number are taken up with the extraordinarily full historical and topographical article on Jerusalem. The titles extend from Jehonathan to Jeshurun. pp. 1233-1344.)

**A Man in Earnest: Life of A. H. Conant.** By Robert Collyer. Boston: Horace B. Fuller, 383, Washington Street. pp. 230. (The record of a devout and honest pioneer, a faithful preacher, a brave, loyal, and tender army chaplain, who died during his honorable service in the field; a record of few outward incidents, but full of the best instruction and example for the Christian life.)

**Manual Latin Grammar.** By William F. Allen, Professor of Ancient Languages and History in the University of Wisconsin, and Joseph H. Allen, Cambridge, Mass. Boston: Edwin Ginn. pp. 127. (This grammar, though small, claims to be sufficiently complete for any thing less than an extended collegiate course of study. It is especially full in illustrations of the usages of the language; and in convenience of mechanical arrangement, and beauty of typography, is far superior to any book of the class with which we are acquainted.)

**A Treatise on Meteorology.** With a collection of Meteorological Tables. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 305.

**Jeanie's Quiet Life.** A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 128.

**Poor Humanity.** A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 178.

**Brakespeare; or, The Fortunes of a Free Lance.** A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 148.

**Lilliput Levee.** Poems of Childhood, Child-Fancy, and Childlike Moods. New York: Wynkoop & Sherwood. 16mo, pp. 210.

**Harper's New Monthly Magazine for June.** New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 144.

**Life of O'Connell.** By Charles Adams, D.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. pp. 268.

**The Works of Charles Dickens.** With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, John Leech, and H. K. Brown. Pickwick Papers, Barnaby Rudge, Sketches by Boz. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 777.

**Beaumarchais.** An Historical Novel. By A. E. Brachvogel. Translated from the German by Thérèse J. Radford. Illustrated by Gaston Fay. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 295.